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CONTENTS

POPE PIUS X.	225
CONCLAVES PAST AND PRESENT <i>By the Rev. Herbert Thurston</i>	227
A QUEEN AND HER FRIENDS <i>By the Countess de Courson</i>	250
AMIDST THE SHADOWS <i>By Sister Mary Wilfrid, O.S.D.</i>	266
AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT <i>By Teresa Hoare</i>	278
RUS IN URBE. 9. STARLINGS <i>By Ruricola</i>	286
A MISER'S HOARD. Chaps. VII.—IX..... <i>By Emile Richebourg</i>	293
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM	311
Minutes of the Jesuit "Consult" of 1678. "Young Jesuits." Apostles of Slander.	
REVIEWS.....	322
LITERARY RECORD	334

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Pope Pius X.

Habemus Pontificem. Once more the Chair of St. Peter is filled by a new occupant, carrying on unbroken the line of the oldest as well as the most august of earthly dynasties, while the profound attention with which the whole world has watched the transfer of Apostolic power, and the respect with which it has greeted the new Pope, is a marvellous testimony that his sway is felt to be truly ecumenical.

At such a moment, it is instructive to glance back in order to realize the extraordinary change which has been wrought in this respect, amid circumstances which to human wisdom would seem,—as was again and again triumphantly proclaimed,—fraught with certain degradation and ruin for the Papacy. When, less than sixty years ago, the vacancy occurred which was filled by the last Pius, our leading journal had nothing better to say of the new Pontiff than that "His position is the most extravagant of contradictions. One hundred and thirty millions of Christians acknowledge him as their head; and the man who assumes this overwhelming dignity will probably be unable to maintain his authority for six months in an Italian principality without the assistance of an Austrian army!" Thirty-two years later, when Pius IX. in his turn handed on the keys to Leo XIII., the world was told on the same authority to regard it as fortunate that the advanced age of the new Pontiff precluded the danger of a long reign, since the personal ascendancy it would necessarily entail "gives a troublesome strength to the autocratic tendencies of the greatest of spiritual despots."

It is surely something more than a personal tribute to either the late or the present Pope, that must be discerned in the chorus of acclamation with which the latter has been everywhere received. No doubt, the winning and sterling qualities exhibited by the Patriarch of Venice, necessarily fill the minds of men with hope and confidence when they behold him raised to

a yet more exalted office. Doubtless also, it is the most marvellous of all monuments to Pope Leo, that having falsified the forecasts of the wise, and reached the years of Peter, he should have so exercised his absolute power as to make the critics themselves forget the evils they apprehended from so long a tenure. But over and above all this, it testifies still more wonderfully to the sublime dignity inseparable from the Throne of the Fisherman, that in this present world, and this Twentieth Century, such homage should be spontaneously offered on all hands to the new-comer, and that the *Times* itself should greet Pius X. in words from the Papal Coronation Service which Catholics of every land will heartily re-echo,

“AD MULTOS ANNOS.”

Conclaves Past and Present.

THEIR most eminent Lordships of the Sacred College meeting for the second time since the occupation of Rome to elect a head of the Church, have once more set an example of single-mindedness which even the outside world has not been slow to recognize. No suspicion of an unworthy motive can rest upon the choice of His Holiness Pope Pius X., whom may God long preserve to rule His faithful people. But it is sad to have to add that unfortunately such single-mindedness was not always equally conspicuous in the days when the Holy See was in the enjoyment of temporal sovereignty. Perhaps no page of history has suffered more from misrepresentation than that which deals with the Papal Conclaves;¹ but it remains true that the very regulations under which the election was and is still conducted form rather a sad commentary on that human infirmity from which the most exalted are not free. It was hardly zeal for the cause of God which on some fifty different occasions has kept Christendom without a spiritual head for periods varying from a month to two years. It was not a healthy sign when the Papacy was frankly recognized as an object of ambition which no candidate was ashamed to covet. Whether we look at the fierce personal animosities of the Middle Ages, at the simoniacal practices of the Renaissance, or at the political intrigues of the great European Powers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the picture is almost equally distressing. Our consolation must be found in the fact that the abuses on the whole have steadily grown less. There is little prospect now, we may trust, that in any future age the turbulent scenes of former days will ever again be renewed.

The name *Conclave*, in the sense which is now so familiar,

¹ The best known history of Conclaves is that of Petruccelli della Gattina. Of this work even so independent an authority as R. di Cesare, says that it is "puerile" in the animus shown against religion and the Papacy. The works of T. Adolphus Trollope and Mr. Cartwright are unfortunately very kindred in spirit.

meets us first in the year 1271, when through the unyielding obstinacy of the seventeen Cardinals who had met at Viterbo to choose a successor to Pope Clement IV., the Holy See remained vacant for a period of more than two years and nine months. The inhabitants of Viterbo at last lost patience. Recalling, no doubt, certain earlier precedents in which the forcible seclusion of the electors had been attended by happy results, they shut up the Cardinals in the episcopal palace, walling up all means of ingress and egress. The noble family of Savelli undertook to keep watch that this sequestration was strictly observed (an incident from which the descendants of this family for many centuries claimed by hereditary right the functions of Marshals of the Conclave), and eventually when the election still hung fire, the populace removed the roof and allowed no provisions, except plain bread and water, to be introduced into the building. In these dire straits the electors at last capitulated. A compromise was arrived at which resulted in the choice of a simple archdeacon of Liège, then discharging the functions of Apostolic Legate in Syria. Gregory X., as he elected to be called, was a man of exceptional piety, and was afterwards beatified. He rendered many services to the Church, but he is best remembered from the fact that he perpetuated under legal forms, and with the aid of a General Council, the strange method of election by which he had himself been chosen to the Papacy. In the Constitution *Ubi periculum*, published by Gregory X. in one of the Sessions of the Second Council of Lyons (A.D. 1274), provision was made for future elections to the Pontificate, and the following points in particular were insisted upon.

After the death of the Pope the Cardinals are to wait ten days, and ten days only, for the members of the Sacred College to assemble in the palace in which the demise of the last Pontiff occurred; and there, in a space entirely walled off, the electors, attended by no more than one or two servants each, are to give themselves entirely to the business of the election without holding any sort of communication with persons outside.

In this enclosed space (*conclave*) they are to lead a community life, not being separated from one another even by curtains or partitions. A window is to be left open through which provisions can be passed in, but if after three days the Pope be not chosen, only one dish is to be served to them both at dinner and supper; and if no decision be arrived at during

the five subsequent days, then nothing more shall be provided for their sustenance than plain bread and water with a little wine.

All previous engagements or promises to vote for a particular person are declared to be criminal and to have no force to bind the conscience. Moreover, the Cardinals, during the Conclave, have no power of disposing in any way of the revenues of the Holy See. The administration of these revenues is to remain in the charge of the Camerlengo.

Although this Constitution *Ubi periculum* was not submitted to without a struggle and was even abrogated for a while, it was nevertheless re-enacted by Celestine V., and inserted by Boniface VIII. in the Sixth Book of the Decretals. During the residence of the Popes in Avignon, and the Great Schism which followed, it remained in force; save that some minor mitigations were introduced by Clement VI., notably that for motives of decency and privacy the Cardinals might have curtains round their beds. This concession was the origin of the erection of those little cells or partitions which for so many centuries were a distinctive feature of life in the Conclave.

A curiously interesting account has been preserved to us by an English witness, one Adam of Usk, of the procedure followed in the election and coronation of the Pope at this period. Adam had been appointed by Boniface IX. Auditor of the Rota, and I make no apology for quoting his description almost entire.¹

For the election of a new Pontiff at Rome, the Cardinals entered the Conclave, which was entrusted to the safe keeping of the King of Naples and 6,000 of his soldiers.

The baleful Roman people rose, divided into the two parties of Guelphs and Ghibellines, and for the space of three weeks with slaughter and robbery and murder did they torment each other, either party seeking the creation of a Pope on its own side; yet by reason of the said guard could they not come near the palace of St. Peter nor to the Conclave. And so their partizanship caused the election, as Pope, of one who was after the heart of neither side, viz., Innocent VII., a native of Solmona. And, when the election was made known, the Romans attacked his palace, and after their greedy fashion, nay rather from festering corruptness, they sacked it, leaving therein not so much as the bars of the windows.

The Conclave is a close-built place, without anything to divide it, and is set apart to the Cardinals for the election of the Pope; and it must be shut and walled-in on all sides, so that, excepting a small

¹ Account of the Conclave of Innocent VII. (1404) from the *Chronicon Ade de Usk*. Edited and Translated by Sir E. M. Thompson. Pp. 212—217.

wicket for entrance, which is afterwards closed, it shall remain strongly guarded. And therein is a small window for food to be passed in to the Cardinals, at their own cost, which is fitted so as to open or shut as required.

And the Cardinals have each a small cell on different floors for sleep and rest; and two rooms alone in common, the chapel and the place of election. After the first three days, while they are there, they have but one dish of meat or fish daily, and after five days more bread and wine only, until they agree. . . .

The dead Pope, after¹ the proclamation of the election, was carried to the Church of St. Peter for the funeral rites, which lasted for nine days. . . .

On the feast of St. Martin the new Pope went down from the Palace to the old Church of St. Peter for the ceremony of his Coronation, and at the altar of St. Gregory, the auditors bringing the vestments, he was robed for the Mass. And at the moment of his coming forth from the Chapel of St. Gregory, the clerk of his chapel, bearing a long rod on the end of which was fixed some tow, cried aloud as he set it aflame: "Holy Father, thus passeth the glory of the world;" and again, in the middle of the procession, with a louder voice,² thus twice: "Holy Father! Most Holy Father!" and a third time, on arriving at the altar of St. Peter, thrice: "Holy Father! Holy Father! Holy Father!" at the loudest; and forthwith each time is the tow quenched. Just as in the coronation of the Emperor, in the very noontide of his glory, stones of every kind and colour, worked with all the cunning of the craft, are wont to be presented to him by the stone-cutters, with these words: "Most excellent prince, of what kind of stone wilt thou that thy tomb be made?" Also the new Pope, the Mass being ended, ascends a lofty stage made for this purpose, and there he is solemnly crowned with the triple golden crown by the Cardinal of Ostia, as Dean of the College. The first crown means power in temporal things; the second, fatherhood in things spiritual; the third, pre-eminence in things of Heaven. And afterwards, still robed in the same white vestments, he, as well as all the prelates likewise in albs, rides thence through Rome to the Church of St. John Lateran, the cathedral seat of the Pope. Then, after turning aside out of abhorrence of Pope Agnes,³ whose image with her son stands

¹ The manuscript, if we may trust Sir E. M. Thompson's text, reads "*post electionis publicationem.*" Perhaps this means "after the announcement of a new election," *i.e.*, the formal summons to the Cardinals to assemble. But of course the difficulty may be due to some copyist's blunder.

² This is Sir E. M. Thompson's translation. The words *altiori voce, altissima voce*, more probably refer to the higher pitch of the voice.

³ Adam calls her *Agnes*, but the name more commonly attributed to the supposed female Pope was Joan. The prevalence of this ridiculous legend in the Middle Ages was quite extraordinary; and it was repeated even by sober authorities who ought to have known better. Nothing more effectively illustrates the unreliability of mere popular tradition regarding facts, relics, or sites, than the singularly circumstantial fable of the female Pope.

in stone in the direct road near St. Clement's, the Pope, dismounting from his horse, enters the Lateran for his enthronement. And there he is seated in a chair of porphyrey, which is pierced beneath . . . ; and then, while a *Te Deum* is chanted, he is borne to the high altar.

On his way to the church, the Jews offered to him their law, *i.e.*, the Old Testament, seeking his confirmation ; and the Pope took it gently in his hands, for by it we have come to the knowledge of the Son of God and to our Faith, and thus answered : "Your law is good, but ye understand it not, for the old things have passed away, and all things are made new." And, as if for a reproach, since they being hardened in error understand it not, he delivers it back to them over his left shoulder, neither annulling nor confirming it.

There rode with the Pope not only those of his court and the clergy, but also the 13 quæstors of the city, with their captains and standards at their heads.

During the progress, in order to ease the thronging of the people, small coin was thrice cast among the crowd, and a passage was thus cleared while it was being gathered up.

This brief description of an English, or perhaps we should say more correctly of a Welsh eye-witness, is of particular interest from the information it supplies regarding sundry usages of the *Sede Vacante*. No earlier mention has yet, I believe, been found of the ceremony of the burning tow in the Coronation of the Pope ; and while the raising of the voice at each repetition, as in the familiar instance of the *Lumen Christi* on Holy Saturday, has survived to the present day, the formula used has for many years past been uniform :¹ *Pater sancte, sic transit gloria mundi*, without the variations mentioned by Adam of Usk. Again, the reference to the plundering of the house of the newly-elected Pope, even though Adam seems to be wrong in interpreting it as necessarily a mark of hostility, reminds us how far back into antiquity some of these perverse customs of the Roman populace may be traced. This example of 1404 is valuable as a link to prove continuity, but it is very far from being the earliest known instance of such a custom. Even in the fifth and sixth centuries the ecclesiastical synods thundered against the popular persuasion that the goods of a Bishop belonged to the faithful at large and might be plundered at his death, and enactments forbidding the pillage of the residence of a newly-elected Pope were issued by Honorius. III. in 1216, and Boniface VIII. in 1294. But even

¹ See, for instance, Blaise de Martinellis's account of the Coronation of Paul III., in Gattico, *Acta Ceremonialia*, i. p. 387.

as late as the Conclave of Pius IX., in 1846, a false rumour having got abroad that the choice of the electors had fallen on Cardinal Gizzi, that Cardinal's house was looted by the mob, a catastrophe for which he had afterwards to be indemnified by the Papal Government.

The incident of the presentation of the Old Testament by the Jews of Rome has long vanished from the ceremonial of the Coronation, but it is described in all detail in the *Pontificale Romanum*, published at Venice in 1520, a note being added that as this ceremony was often made the occasion of popular outrages against the Hebrew community, they commonly preferred that it should take place within the walls of the Castle of S. Angelo. Of the curious allusion to the legend of Pope Joan, and the ceremonial of the so-called "*sedes sterco-raria*," it would be impossible to speak adequately in the space at my disposal.

Returning to our more immediate subject and to the curious external observances of the Conclave itself, I venture to introduce here a somewhat lengthy description published in English in the year 1585, the year of the election of Pope Sixtus V. The original account seems to have been written by an Italian, evidently resident in Rome and well informed, but I have unfortunately not been able to meet with a copy of the Italian text, if indeed it was ever printed. The English version was made by no less a person than the famous John Florio, the translator of Montaigne, the author of the Dictionary, and probably the personal friend of Shakespeare, as he was of Ben Jonson, Bacon, and many of the most famous wits of the Elizabethan age. After describing the Nine Days' obsequies of the deceased Pope—in this case it was Pope Gregory XIII.—the writer turns to the subject of the Conclave, which he introduces in the following terms:

These (*Novendiali*) being ended, the following morning the Mass of the Holy Ghost is sung by the Cardinal Dean, after that is sung *Veni Creator Spiritus*, and so singing, with the pensioners and other officers and singing-men, with the rest of the Cardinals going before, they all go towards the Conclave.¹ But before I begin to speak of the Conclave, I will tell you how that Cardinal that is Lord Chamberlain hath the chiefest place and authority above all other Cardinals, so long as *Sede Vacante* lasteth. In which time he causeth money to be coined

¹ See the upper portion of Fig. II., in which the Cardinals are represented entering the Conclave in procession, the crucifix being borne before them.

in his own name, and with his own arms upon it, and all things be executed in his name, and he commandeth all Constables to keep good watch and ward in every street in the City for to avoid all inconveniences which commonly happen in such times, who arm themselves, and have authority to arm as many men as they think good in every street and ward.

It is obvious that under existing circumstances the Cardinal Camerlengo (Chamberlain), who was formerly the head of the "Camera" or Chamber, *i.e.*, Treasury, has no longer to concern himself with maintaining order in the City. Neither is there any question of his coining money to serve as currency. But the Camerlengo is still the one important functionary upon whom all responsibility practically rests within the precincts of the Vatican during the vacancy of the See. Moreover, the custom is still observed of his striking a medal bearing his name and arms, together with the umbrella and cross keys which are the symbol of the ancient Apostolic Camera. But to resume :

By these means the city is defended, and guarded from all motives (*i.e.*, disturbances) that may chance. Besides these, the Conservours, Senatours, or Sheriffs of the City do presently arm 2,000 Italian soldiers, for to guard and keep the Conclave, which is a place in the Pope's palace appointed for all Cardinals being in Rome at the Pope's death, to assemble themselves therein, with all those that come while the funeral lasts, being open so long, for many that are abroad come flocking thither so soon as the Pope's death is known. It is called Conclave, for that it is shut with one key, and until such time as they have agreed about the Pope's election, they be so fast that they cannot by any means come out. Many years since it was wont to be but one hall, divided into so many little chambers with hangings of tapestry as there were Cardinals, but considering that for want of room and air, many died before the election, there are now two great rooms divided into more than three-score little chambers, each one of them being more than 16 feet square, every one of them having a little cabinet or closet joined unto it for the Cardinals' serving-men to be in. Before the chambers there is a long gallery for the Cardinals to walk in. No Cardinal can bring in more than three men, that is to say, a secretary, a gentleman, and a chamberlain, who so long as the election lasteth, cannot by any means come out. All which chambers are dressed as it followeth. Those which pertain to Cardinals created by the last Pope, are hanged with purple, with all furnitures pertaining to it of the same, as bedsteads, valences, curtains, coverlets, pillows, cushions, with silk fringe of that colour. There is in every chamber a little table with a purple carpet to

it, a little wooden lantern, a little ladder to hang up the hangings, one high stool and one low, which they carry to the scrutiny chamber, a dust basket, a chest with lock and key, and such other necessities in a chamber, everything covered with purple, with the Cardinal's arms upon them to whom they pertain. All other Cardinals have their chambers and other implements hanged and covered with green.

The modifications which even at this epoch had been gradually introduced for the greater privacy and comfort of the Cardinals, have been further extended during the last three hundred years. In Florio's time, as this description shows, the cells of the most eminent electors were still very bare and tiny. The estimate here given of 16 feet square, is greater than that mentioned in one of the contemporary *piante*, viz., 18 "palms" by 15, or about 12 feet by 10. In the last two Conclaves the cell or partition system has been entirely abandoned, and the Cardinals now occupy the ordinary apartments of the Vatican, living upon four different floors. This change has of course resulted in some diminution of expense, but even under existing circumstances the *Sede Vacante* of 1878, though conducted by the then Cardinal Pecci with all possible economy, cost the Apostolic Treasury 150,000 lire, or £6,000. But this was a small amount as compared with the sums expended in the days of the temporal power. Within the last hundred years the elections of Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI., after Conclaves that were relatively protracted, cost respectively in round numbers £20,000, £25,000, and £29,000. The distinction between the hangings of green and violet, the latter being used to indicate the special mourning appropriate in the Cardinals who owed their promotion to the deceased Pope, is still observed; but the remarks which follow dealing with the provisioning of the Conclave, refer to an order of things which has now entirely passed away.

The order how they are served in the Conclave so long as the election lasteth is this. Before the gate of the Conclave there is a fair room where all the Archbishops and Bishops that are then in Rome, do stand waiting at the door day and night, or as they are chosen by lot,¹ four of them always ready to help and do such necessary business as the place and time requireth, what occasion soever happen, changing every two hours, their chambers being near the said place. About the gallery of the palace going toward the new gate are the Roman barons and lords

¹ Florio's version reads *love*, probably a printer's error.

attending with their guards, one of Italians, the other of Swiss, who are to wait on the Cardinals going into the Conclave, or that by reason of infirmity come out, together with the dead Pope's light horsemen, and grooms of his stable, who accompany them home to their lodgings. The order how the Gentlemen or Sewers do serve the Cardinals their lords is this. At the gate where, as I said before, four Bishops do stand, are two gentlemen who are to call the Cardinals or Sewers, as they are orderly set down in writing in a scroll of paper which every night is fastened upon the gate, wherein are the names of all the Cardinals written as they are drawn by lots, so that a man may see who shall first or last be served. Every night that scroll is newly written. Indeed, if any of them are sick they are first served. Every night there are four of the said bills of names made against the day following: one of which is kept within the Conclave, another is fastened to the gate where the Senators or Sheriffs sit, as I said before, the other two are kept by the two foresaid gentlemen, one of which standeth by the dresser, at that door at which the gentlemen Sewers go in with meat in order as they are called, each one having two great baskets or flaskets of divers stuffs, fashions, and colours, the one for kitchen viands, the other for other sorts of after service, these carried 'between two men with coulstaues.¹ And this is the manner of their service. First every Sewer hath very orderly his dishes placed in the foresaid two flaskets, who were first made ready by other officers, as by the cook, paster, butler, spicer, comfiter, fruiterer, and such other that belong to keeping or dressing of meats. Before the said meats goeth that Cardinal's gentleman usher that is first served, and then two grooms of the stable, with two staves in their hands painted of the *cornuta's* colour, for so that flasket is called wherein the kitchen meats are carried. After them followeth the Gentleman Steward, with four or five gentlemen more, carrying fair glasses in their hands full of divers sorts of wines, and very clear water, the Butler² going in the midst of them with a little glass of wine in his hand. The said glasses are all covered with orange blooms and other sweet flowers, with papers on them showing the quality or sort of the wine; then follow two grooms of the stable that carry the flasket, wherein all other sorts of after meats, comfits and fruits are, then followeth the Cupboard Keeper, with two other grooms that carry the *cornuta*. All the gentlemen pertaining to that Cardinal attending on them, thus going all in order towards the Conclave dresser, they meet first at the first door the Conservours, Senatours, or Sheriff's guard, then coming to the stairs foot, they meet the other guard of Italians and Swiss. And so passing along the gallery they come into a several room where are two

¹ The word is Shakespearian: "Go take up these clothes here quickly; where's the cowlstaff?" (*Merry Wives*, iii. 3.)

² The "Gentleman Steward" and the "Butler" seem in Fig. I. to be designated respectively by the words *Mazziero* (mace-bearer) and *Scalco*.

little doors, one to go in to serve, the other to come out after they have served. At the entry of that room is also a guard of Italians and Swiss, which open and shut the doors: where stand the two Cursors, or gentlemen with bills of names in their hands, who in order call for the Sewer that must come in first. At the upper end of the said room standeth a table fifteen feet long; the Sewer being come to that table, he taketh a very fine and white napkin from the Cupboard Keeper, and layeth it on the table, and another he layeth before the aforesaid four Bishops, with two knives and two forks, which they take up. The Sewer having set all the dishes upon the table, they uncover them and taste of them all. There can be no pies nor pasties pass whole, nor any kind of poultry or fowl, for they are all cut, carved, and opened, before the said Bishops. There can no wine nor water be carried in, in any other vessels than clear glasses, nor any table cloth, towel, or napkin, that is not first unfolded, opened and very well considered. All vessels both out of which they eat and drink, of glass or porcelain that once go in, come no more out, for they are the Master of Ceremonies his fees. The meat that is left is divided among the servants or officers of the Conclave, as barbers, masons, carpenters, pothecaries, sweepers, and such like. So soon as every Sewer or steward hath served, he enquireth whether his lord will have any other meat against the next time or not, then taking *congé*, he goeth out of the one door, whilst others come in at the other. And in this order are all Cardinals served morning and night, as long as the election lasteth.

The ornamental figures introduced into one corner of the annexed fragment of a plan of the Conclave (1605), give a very good idea of this imposing procession of the viands. (See Fig. I.) Sideboard, kitchen, and wine-cellar are all represented. We see the "grooms of the stable" (*palafrenieri*) with their wands, the gentlemen "sewers," the mace-bearer, the flowers and the *cornute*; while in other similar cuts are sometimes shown the guard of bishops probing the pies and cutting open the fowls to make sure that no contraband billets from outside are lurking within. All these quaint formalities have now of course become a mere memory of the past, for in the last two Conclaves a sufficient supply of cooks with a *batterie de cuisine* have been installed within the Conclave itself. The fare is said not to be too sumptuous, though the Cardinals have not quite returned to the bread and water penalties of Pope Gregory X. Equally a memory of the past is the strong armed picket arresting a rioter depicted in the upper part of Fig. I. Such armed patrols were only too much needed among the public disorders which broke out during the interregnum, profiting by the

absence of any really responsible government. It astounds us now to learn that upon the demise of any Pope one of the first steps taken was to open the prison doors and to release a



FIG. II.—PART OF THE PLAN OF THE CONCLAVE which assembled on May 8th, 1605, after the death of Leo XI. The dome of St. Peter's is shown, but with the old *façade*, which at this date had not yet been pulled down.

large proportion of the malcontents confined therein. The fact, however, is certain, and is commemorated in many of these Plans of Conclaves. In the lower left-hand corner of Fig. II.,

for instance, may be seen on a very minute scale the Captain of the Watch, with flag and escort, setting the prisoners free. No wonder that such precautions were needed as are next described.

And all that while the castle or palace is very well guarded, for at the first trench besides the soldiers that are in Belvedere, and those which guard the market-place, which are a great number, there are five-and-twenty Swiss waiting day and night, there is a great chain of iron to cross the way, and a little house of boards to shield them from the rain. Above the said trench on the left side going into the palace are eight pieces of great artillery, guarded by a band of Swiss, and two other guards that always are attendant there. Not far from the said artillery over against the great gate, which is also guarded by fifty Switzers, there are three pieces of artillery more, even in the entry of the palace, which also is guarded by three bands of Switzers, and for the succour of the said gate in any need, there is at the left hand a place or house covered with boards, in which is continually a band of Italian soldiers, with a going out on both sides. On the right hand going into the court towards Borgia's tower, under the gate, which is locked with an iron chain, is continually another band of Italians, and on the left hand thereof is an altar that may be removed where one list, covered with very rich tapestry and other ornaments, where every morning all the election while, the Mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated and sung by the singing men of the chapel. All that while that the Mass is celebrating the gates stand open but very well guarded, for then all priests of what order soever, and monks with the orflins (orphans?) going before very orderly, do go procession-like through all courts and places beneath the watches, and guards stand ready armed, as if they were ready to fight or expect the enemy. The priest that sayeth the Mass between two deacons with his face towards the Conclave, singeth as loud as he can the psalm *Veni Creator Mundi* (*sic*), and the Litanies with other prayers, the whole choir answering him. This done, the Canons of St. Peter and other prelates, with the wonted music, go in.

The procession being ended, at the sound of a little bell all men depart, for that is a sign that the scrutiny of that morning is done, and that there is no Pope chosen, then all the soldiers do unarm themselves. These orders and ceremonies are used every day from that time that the Cardinals go into the Conclave until a Pope be chosen.

If it were not that our Fig. II. forms part of a sheet dated 1605 and engraved for the Conclave which followed the death of Leo XI., we might believe that Florio, or the author he translated in 1585, had had our picture before him. There we see the barricades (*cancelli*) and the Swiss guards in their shelter close to the Vatican. The City is in a state of siege, but free

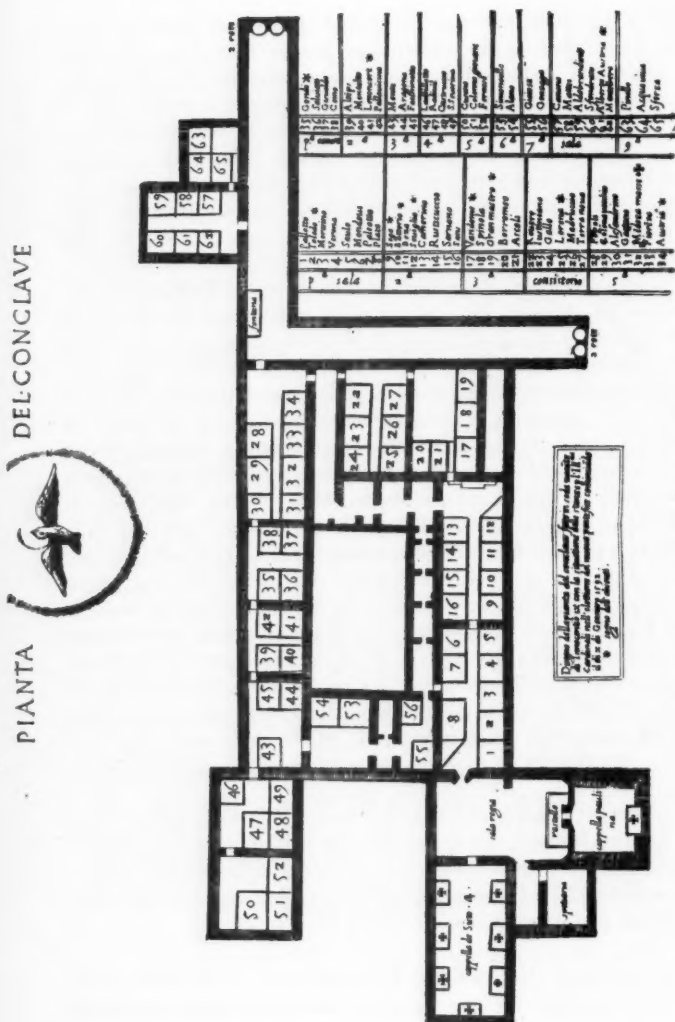


FIG. III.—PLAN OF THE CONCLAVE

in which Clement VIII. was elected.

Engraved between Jan. 8th and Jan. 26th, 1592. The crosses marked in the Sistine Chapel ("Cappella di Sisto IV") indicate the places where altars were erected at which the Cardinals might say their private Masses. The scrutinies took place in the "Cappella Paolina," round the entrance to which a barrier ("rastello") is shown.

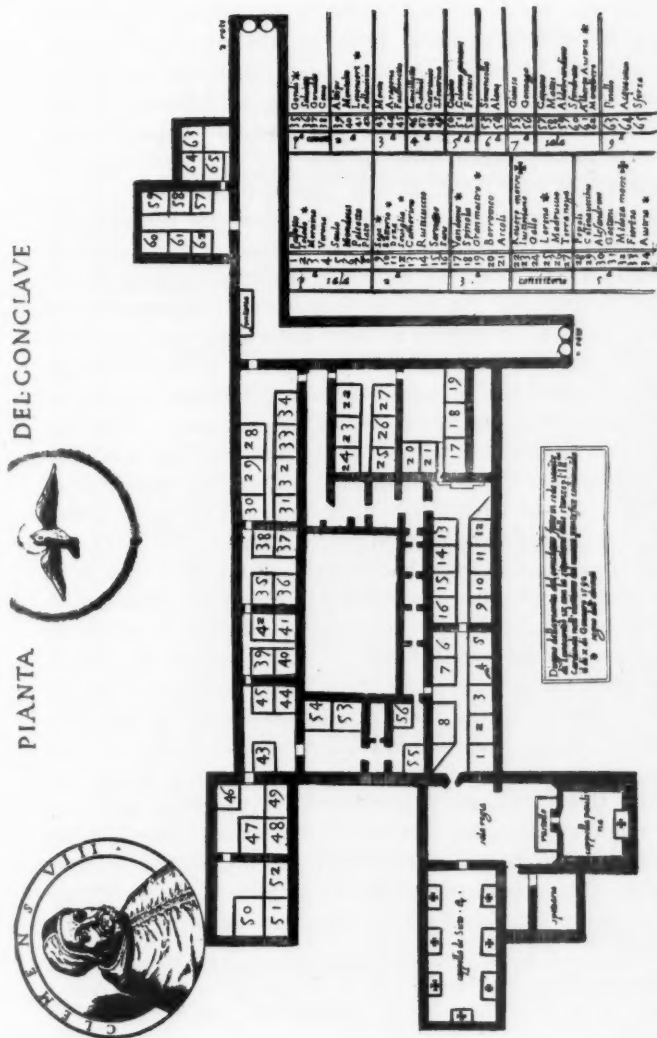


FIG. IV.—PLAN OF THE SAME CONCLAVE in which Clement VIII. was elected

The engraving completed after the election, *i.e.*, after Jan. 29th, 1592. The portrait of the new Pope, and a note of the death of Cardinal Della Rovere (No. 22), have been added to the plate.

passage is allowed through the palisades for the processions of priests and monks with their banners and their orphans (?) which, in the words of the legend in the margin, "go every morning to St. Peter's to pray for the election of a new Pontiff."

It will thus be seen, I think, that the cuts which accompany this article afford a singularly interesting confirmation of the statements made in the passage just quoted. These illustrations¹ are details taken from certain rare "Plans (*Piante*) of Conclaves" of which the British Museum possesses a large number curiously scattered amongst its various departments. From the end of the sixteenth century onwards it was customary to design for each Conclave a plan of the cells occupied by the different Cardinals. As will be seen from a comparison of Figs. III. and IV., it appears to have been usual to engrave the plan while the Conclave was still sitting, and probably enough the first impressions were intended for the actual use of the Cardinals and their conclavists within the enclosure. When the election was effected the portrait of the new Pope was added to the plate and the sheets were printed and sold as memorials of the event. It will be noticed in the annexed plans of a very famous Conclave, that of 1592, in which Pope Clement VIII. was elected after the Cardinals had been shut up for nearly three weeks, that not only has the portrait of the Pope been added, but that a record has been made of the death of one of the Cardinals who had occupied cell No. 22.² As time went on it became the fashion to adorn the sheets with various small devices representing the more striking incidents of the *Sede Vacante*. Figs. I., II., V., and VI. reproduce details in the *Piante* of the two Conclaves which took place in 1605, one following the Pontificate of Clement VIII., the other the very short reign of Leo XI. Most of the scenes have Italian legends attached to them which can be deciphered without difficulty. The mercenaries of the Duke Savello, the hereditary Marshal of the Conclave—whose duty now devolves upon the

¹ I am indebted to the great courtesy of Messrs. Sands and Co. for permission to use these blocks. They have been prepared for an illustrated work on *The Making of a Pope*, which the present writer has undertaken to compile and of which Messrs. Sands and Co. will be the publishers.

² This was Cardinal Jerome Della Rovere who died during the Conclave on January 26th, 1592. It will be seen that in Fig. IV. the word *morse* and a cross have been engraved after his name. In Fig. III. there is no indication that he was even ill. The death of Cardinal John Mendoza (No. 32) which took place, January 8th, 1592, after the cells had been assigned by lot, and two days before the Conclave opened, is indicated on both lists.

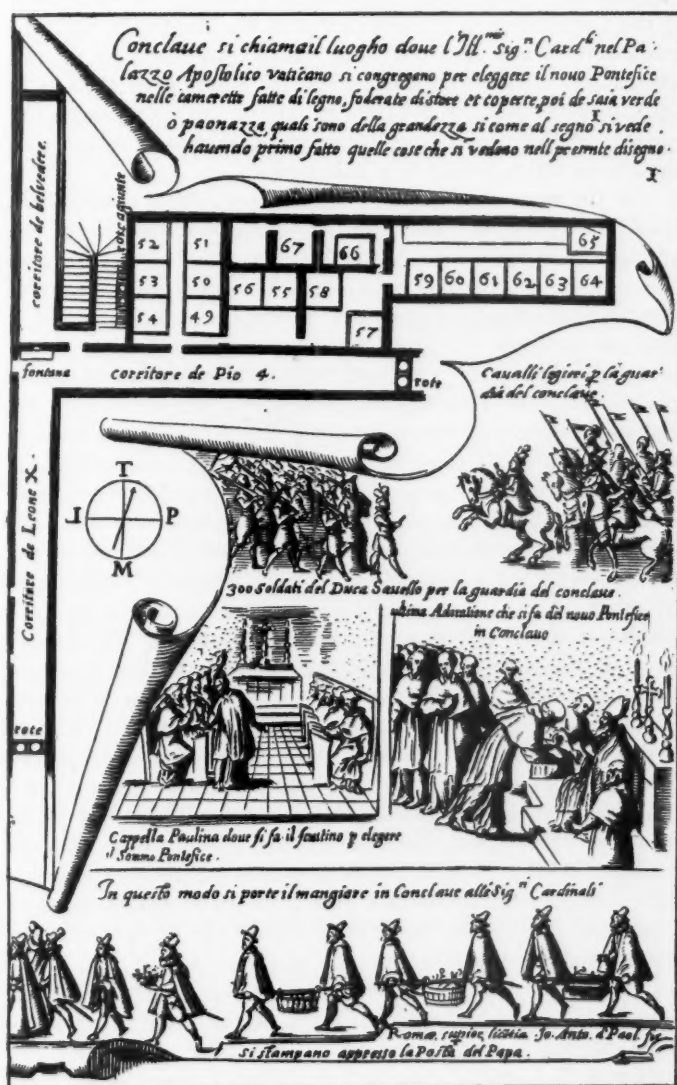


FIG. V.—VARIOUS SCENES CONNECTED WITH THE CONCLAVE.
From the Pianta del Conclave of May, 1605.

Chigi family—the first adoration of the Pope,¹ which takes place in the Conclave itself immediately after the two-thirds majority has been secured and the Pope elected, the carrying of the viands, the entry into the Conclave, the salute from the Castle of S. Angelo, afford a sufficient variety of themes; though the number of these insets was considerably increased in some of the *Piante* which belong to a later period.

Of the manner of voting in the Conclave, I cannot here speak at any length. To make the peculiar arrangement of the voting-papers clear to the general reader would need diagrams and rather intricate explanations. The system now in force is identical with that used three or four hundred years ago, and it may be sufficient to point out that the voting-paper is so contrived that while the name of the Cardinal voted for is easily read, the voter's name remains a secret to all. An elaborate system of precautions has been devised to prevent any malpractices in the recording of the votes; and in the last resort, if there be any grave suspicion of fraud, the voter's name can be examined and made public. Two scrutinies are ordinarily held in each day, and a majority of two-thirds of the total votes recorded is required for a valid election. When one or other of the candidates has obtained in any scrutiny a notable lead, it is not uncommon to proceed to the "Accession," as it is called, which practically amounts to this, that any Cardinal is free to transfer his vote, if he pleases, to some one of those Cardinals already nearly successful, with a view to giving him the requisite number for election. The voting-papers, when filled in, are placed in a large chalice which stands upon the altar, and each Cardinal, before slipping his folded paper into the chalice with the aid of the paten, takes an oath couched in very explicit terms, by which he declares that his vote has been given to that person whom in the interests of God (*secundum Deum*) he believes ought to be elected. It may be pointed out that when, in one of the details of Fig. V., we see the votes being collected in the chalice which is handed round, this is undoubtedly an error of the artist. We know from Burchard that at the end of the fifteenth century and earlier, each Cardinal rose and deposited his vote in a chalice upon the altar as at present.

¹ In Fig. V. this is described as *ultima adorazione*. This is a mistake. The last adoration does not take place within the Conclave; moreover, in the last adoration the Pope is seated upon the altar itself and not in a chair before it.

The method of election by scrutiny is practically the only method now employed, but in an earlier age it was not uncommon to attempt to secure an election "by adoration." The process consisted simply in this, that the electors by a common impulse came and threw themselves down, one after another, before the Cardinal they favoured, offering their homage as though impatient of further delays and tedious



FIG. VI.—REQUIEM MASS FOR THE DECEASED POPE LEO XI. and Mass of the Holy Spirit for the election of his successor, the Sacred College assisting, May 8th, 1605. From the Pianta del Conclave.

formalities. This method, though regarded as legitimate in the case of an overwhelming majority, was obviously open to grave abuse; for any Cardinal, though in his heart disapproving the choice, was liable to be carried away by the mere enthusiasm of the moment, or still more, to be influenced by the dread of permanent disfavour if the object of this general homage were eventually elected. A contemporary French writer, J. Bignon, whose work was also translated into English in the very year

1605, to which several of these plans belong, refers to the question of election by adoration in the following terms :

The other manner, which is called Adoration, is when, the Cardinals being assembled together in the chapel, turn towards him whom they desire to be made Pope, doing reverence unto him, and bending the knees very low, and when they see that two-thirds are gone to this manner of Adoration, the Cardinal thus adored is made Pope.

And though this manner of election be referred to that which is called by the ancients and in the canon law, *per inspirationem*, and that they say is the way of the Holy Ghost, which was, when all with one voice without any treaty or precedent scrutiny, and without any formality, concur, as it were by divine inspiration, to say that such a one must be made Pope, it being thus equally designed by everyone ; notwithstanding, this form of Adoration is not esteemed by many so lawful and available as scrutiny, because by means of contentions and partialities, there may be some fraud or violence committed therein, in that the weaker side may be drawn to Adoration by the example of those more mighty, and those fearful induced by them more resolute. And oftentimes it happeneth that those who would have consented to the Election of some one by free voice, seeing this general and violent concurrence by Adoration, they suffer themselves to be carried away with the violence of this stream, that by this they may demonstrate how they have a part in such an Election ; and they will not be the last herein for fear of displeasing and incurring his displeasure who should be chosen.

It would be difficult in the space at my disposal to give any satisfactory idea of the inner life of the Conclave and of the expedients put into operation by active Pope-makers at a period when the political influences brought to bear upon the electors from outside were unfortunately very complicated. It has struck me that I cannot do better than to present the reader with a facsimile of a leaf of calculations made by some active partisan, Cardinal or conclavist, during the famous Conclave of October, 1590, which resulted in the election of Cardinal Sfondrato as Gregory XIV. The two great leaders were Cardinals Montalto and Madrucci, the latter acting as the agent of the Spanish King, while the Grand Duke of Tuscany was also a formidable influence. The calculation in question seems to have been made in the Spanish interest and to represent the chances of the elder Cardinal Colonna in a strange attempt made by the younger Cardinal of that name to carry the election for his kinsman by a *coup de main*. Montalto, it will be noticed, is said to command 15 votes, Madrucci 14, the Grand Duke,

independently of Montalto, 3, while four are named as the personal friends of old Cardinal Colonna. If all these held firm, and some of the indifferents—among whom is reckoned our English Cardinal Allen—could be won over, the election of

Montalto	Alfonso	Gradues nella Montalto
Colonna	S. Leggio	Giordano
Perelli	Sanalio	Perugia
Albini	Cono	Monce
Alati	Alati	7
Gallo	Montalto	Amoretti del sac. col.
Lannaro	S. Scavina	Palotto
Santi	Indivine	Verona
Costa	Simacelli	Mordani
Caneris	Terza	Carceloni
Amelgoso	Tommaso	
Montalto	Forzagari	4
Mattei	Montalto	1
Giulianini	Forzagari	1
Arenio	Albini	
Segni		
Tono H. napolitano al		
l'ufficio Episcopale conclave		
13.	14	

voti: riari	quadragrati	contrari: opori	contrari: opori: mas
13	Sanalio	Arzaga	Dubini dell. 14. d.
14	Lalunio	Albano	Montalto / 2
7	Episcopo	Caracciolo	
4	Albano	Albano	
35	Caneris	Tommaso	
	Alati	Cutano	
	Cremona	Murina	
	Donne		
	0	0	
	quadragrati: 0	quadri: 10. frazioni l'ascolti: cargo più grande	
	contrari: opori: 0	quattro del. 14. d. q. amor. del. 14. d.	
	contrari: opori: 2	Ma promissione di del. quadragrati: 10. riari più	
	13	quadragrati: 2. del. quel. l'opori: 10. riari più	
		Avieno 35. l'elezione è sicura, se tutti più	
		se non quadragrati del. alati,	

FIG. VII.—A CALCULATION OF THE CHANCES
in favour of the election of Cardinal Colonna made in the Conclave held
from Oct. 6 to Dec. 5, 1590.

Taken from MS. Add. 28,463 in the British Museum.

Colonna, so the writer judged, was sure. I venture to quote an account of this incident from a contemporary narrative of the Conclave, which strange to say was also translated into English

in the eighteenth century, though I have had in some places to correct the rendering as inexact.

On Friday the 12th of October Cardinal Ascanio Colonna, judging that after his exertions in the cause of Montalto's party it was a fitting moment to attempt a *coup* in behalf of his own near relative, the elder Cardinal Colonna, resolved to try the adventure without delay. Having therefore procured a promise from Montalto to join him with fifteen of his followers, and thinking himself secure of Madruccio and his party, as Colonna's name was on the Spanish list, he began with Cardinals Alexandrino, Simoncello, and Cosenza to pursue the intrigue, which seemed to go on wonderfully; for besides the votes of the above-mentioned two parties, he made sure of the greater part of the old Cardinals, who, partly out of friendship, and partly to ingratiate themselves with the Colonna family, and oblige them to assist them upon the like occasion, promised to serve the Cardinal; so that having found more than were necessary, had they gone at that instant without procrastinating to the Adoration, Colonna would undoubtedly have been Pope. For the Cardinals Arragon, Altemps, and Sforza, who went about to get him excluded, did not find that they could certainly effect it; and several of the Gregorians¹ who had promised him their votes at this juncture, were afraid to be worse than their word, and in this heat of Adoration would have gone with the rest.

About ten o'clock at night the whole Conclave were under great apprehensions seeing things come to this hazard; but Colonna being advised by some of his friends that there was no time to be lost in proceeding to the Adoration, answered that it was better to defer it till morning, that things might be done with less hurry and more decorum, as it was in the case of Urban.

Meanwhile his adversaries profiting by this delay gained heart, confirmed the minds of the resolute, animated the fearful, and brought back to their part some of those that they had lost. Yet they were not secure of stopping the election, not thinking that they could depend upon those who had promised not to go, because they were afraid that they might be gained by the solicitations of Cardinal Ascanio's friends, who were very busy; or else that being surprised the next morning, with fear of his being Pope without their assistance, they might run to accompany the rest. They were therefore persuaded by the Cardinal of Arragon (who was well acquainted with such intrigues and a man of good judgment) to assemble in Cardinal Sforza's cell, everyone bringing his friends with him; which being agreed to by the others, considering that they might find resistance in some, particularly in Paleotto and Mondovi, who would not be willing to disoblige the Colonnas by openly declaring against them, both upon the account of old friendship and also because they were separately playing each his

¹ These were the Cardinals created by Pope Gregory XIII., and consequently among the older members of the Sacred College.

own game, therefore Arragon, Altemps, and Sforza persuaded Paleotto that this meeting was designed to promote his candidature, and they told Mondovi that they meant a diversion in his behalf; by which pretences they brought them both to the lure.

There assembled therefore about eleven at night in Sforza's cell¹ fifteen Cardinals, viz., Arragon, Paleotto, Altemps, Sanz, Caraffa, Santiquattro, Cremona, Verona, Mondovi, Rovere, Moresino, Borromeo, Cusano, Alano [this of course was our English Cardinal Allen], and Sforza; Sanseverino, Albano, and Salviati, being in bed, could not come, but sent to give their word to stick by them.

In this assembly after Altemps had talked a long time with much persuasive eloquence, and was seconded by Sforza with entreaties, they all promised not to go to the adoration of Colonna, and that they might be secure of one another they engaged that they should not move a foot if they heard any rumour of its being attempted that night, and in case any attempt was made the next morning in the chapel that they should all with a common impulse withdraw to one side. After this understanding they gained over to their party five others of Montalto's creatures (*i.e.*, followers), who had not at first discovered themselves for fear; and the rather because when Montalto had promised fifteen to Ascanio, he had not given their names.

However, Cardinal Ascanio, after this meeting was held, tried his persuasions again, and used his utmost power to make many of the Cardinals change their minds; but judging them obdurate, he was forced to yield to the time, and give over the attempt, repenting greatly that he had lent an ear to Colonna's suggestions of delay.

The scrutinies of the Conclave at this period were all held in the Pauline Chapel in the Vatican, and I may call attention to the fact that at this date the practice was unknown of burning the voting-papers in a stove in such a way that the smoke would signal to the expectant crowd that the election had not taken place. It would seem rather from what Florio tells us that a bell was rung which could be heard outside. When, however, the election was successful, we learn, from the picture of the front of the Vatican (see Fig. II.), a window in the Pauline Chapel was broken or opened, and a signal given from thence to the sentries at the Castle of S. Angelo, which forthwith thundered its welcome to the new Pope by the discharge of all its ordnance.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ It is curious to be able to trace by means of the *Pianta del Conclave* the exact spot in which this meeting was held. Sforza's little cell was No. 13, just outside the Sala Regia. Although this part of the Vatican has undergone considerable alterations since 1590, the site of Sforza's cell was occupied in the Conclave of 1878 by the Spanish Cardinal Moraes Caradoso.

A Queen and her Friends.

PART I.

COMPARATIVELY few English visitors to Paris have either the curiosity or the leisure to seek out the Hôtel de Rohan-Soubise, a stately building, once the property of the Dukes of Guise, that stands in the quarter known as the "Marais," beyond the Rue Rivoli, far away from the fashionable Paris of to-day. In the time of Louis XIV., the "Marais" was inhabited by the highest and noblest in the land; the neighbouring Place des Vosges, now deserted, was the centre of the gay world, and close by the Hôtel Carnavalet, at present a museum, was the Paris home of Madame de Sévigné.

In our days, the "Marais" is inhabited chiefly by merchants and tradesmen; the spacious hotels have been transformed to suit the utilitarian views of their new masters, only the Hôtel Soubise stands untouched in its stately courtyard, an impressive relic of the *grand siècle* of French architecture. It owes its careful preservation to the fact that the Archives of France have found a home in the vast apartments, which are decorated in the best artistic style of the seventeenth century, and where it is easy to imagine the powdered dames and courtiers of the old *régime* moving to and fro.

Visions like these are apt to haunt the student of history whose pursuits lead him to spend long hours in the lofty and quiet rooms, where swift and silent officials attend to his requirements, and a courteous *Elève de l'Ecole des Chartres* is ready to pilot him through the difficulties attending the perusal of ancient documents.

The object that drew us to the Hôtel Soubise, that treasure-house of French history, was a desire to inspect the letters and papers connected with the last Catholic Queen of England, Mary Beatrice of Modena.

During her thirty years of exile, the much tried consort of James II. found her truest comfort in the affection of a com-

munity of Visitation nuns, to whom she paid long and frequent visits, and with whom she kept up a close correspondence.

When the Revolution of 1793 broke out, our readers know that religious houses throughout France were suppressed, their inmates dispersed, their archives pillaged. The pictures and other memorials of the exiled Stuarts, that the good nuns of Chaillot preserved among their treasures, were scattered to the winds, together with the unburied coffin of Mary Beatrice that lay in the convent chapel waiting its removal to Westminster.

Her letters and the other papers belonging to the convent archives became the property of the State, and at the Hôtel Soubise they fill several boxes.

There are altogether about two hundred letters written by the Queen to her friends, but unfortunately only forty-five are dated.¹ There is also a diary of the King's and Queen's journey to the baths of Bourbon in 1701, together with a number of letters written by different persons, bearing on the same subject,² and another curious diary written by one of the Chaillot nuns, wherein the visits of the Queen and her conversations with her friends are minutely recorded.³ Lastly, there is a printed copy of the *Lettre circulaire* addressed by the community of Chaillot to other houses of the Order on the occasion of the death of James II.⁴ All the particulars of the King's illness and death were gathered from the lips of the Queen, and, for this reason, have the merit of being strictly true, Mary Beatrice being, to use the words of Berwick, "most veracious" in her statements.

The letters are written in a large, generally clear hand; they contain little public news, merely here and there an allusion to some important political event or well-known personage.

The Queen did not profess to keep her friends informed of the news of the day; her letters are the simple and spontaneous outpouring of an anxious mind and a suffering heart; their merit and their charm lie in the writer's perfect sincerity, also in the expression of her brave endeavour to submit to the will

¹ Lettres de la Reine Marie d'Este à des religieuses de la Visitation. K, 1302, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

² Journal du voyage du roi et de la reine d'Angleterre de St. Germain à Bourbon et lettres écrites à l'occasion de ce voyage. K, 1302.

³ Mémoires historiques relatifs à S. M. la Reine d'Angleterre et ses enfants, 1711, 1712, 1713. K, 1302.

⁴ Lettre circulaire des dames de la Visitation de Chaillot sur les dernières années de la vie, circonstances et suites de la mort du feu roi d'Angleterre, Jacques II. Paris, 1702. L, 1081.

of God. Hers was a proud and sensitive nature, and it was not without a sharp struggle that she attained the serene patience that characterized her latter years.

From a literary point of view her letters cannot compete, even at a distance, with the effusions of the famous letter-writers of the day; they have no pretensions to eloquence or wit, but the spelling is no worse than that of other great ladies of the period, yet Mary Beatrice was an Italian by birth, and until she came to France at the age of thirty, English, not French, was the language of which she habitually made use.

The Queen's acquaintance with the nuns of Chaillot began soon after her arrival at St. Germain in 1688. She was then in the prime of womanhood; tall and slight, with a pale complexion, lustrous dark eyes and a majestic figure. Married at the age of fifteen to a man old enough to be her father, she had proved herself a devoted and affectionate partner to one whose conduct in the early years of their wedded life gave her grave cause for complaint. Although high-spirited and impetuous, she was tender, generous, and guileless as a child. "I cannot believe evil, I have not the spirit of intrigue of Courts," she said many years later to her friends at Chaillot, and perhaps for this reason the atmosphere of the quiet convent suited her better than that of Versailles or Marly.

The Monastery of Ste. Marie, where the fallen Queen found a congenial retreat, stood on the spot now covered by the ungraceful Trocadero, an erection that formed part of the two last Exhibitions.

Its situation was unique: the convent was built above the river and surrounded by large gardens, with terraces whence the view stretched away to the wooded heights of St. Cloud and Meudon, below flowed the river, and to the left lay Paris. The Cours, a fashionable promenade, to which we find many allusions in the memoirs of the day, started from the present Place de la Concorde, and extended to the entrance of suburban Chaillot. The property owned by the nuns originally belonged to Catherine de Médicis; Chaillot being in those days a quiet country village renowned for its pure air. The Queen built herself a villa, which after her death passed into the hands of the Maréchal de Bassompierre, the friend of Henry IV., whose heirs sold it in 1650 to the Visitation nuns.

Henrietta Maria of France, widow of our Charles I., was their warm friend and patroness, and her influence contributed

so largely to the establishment of the new monastery that the nuns considered her as their chief foundress. It was in their chapel that on November 4th, 1669, Bossuet pronounced his famous funeral oration, in memory of the unfortunate Queen, who had lately died at Colombes near Paris, but whose heart was brought to rest among her cloistered friends.

The Convent chapel was built by the ducal family de Lorges to serve as their burial-place; a Maréchale de Lorges occasionally stayed in the monastery at the same time as Mary Beatrice, and a nun of the same name eventually became Superioress of the community. In a tribune above the chapel were kept, until 1793, the hearts of Henrietta Maria, James II., Mary Beatrice and her daughter Princess Louisa. The assembly-room was, we are told, hung with portraits of the Stuart Kings, Queens, and Princesses, all of which disappeared during the Revolution.

Among the nuns with whom Mary of Modena speedily formed a close friendship were two Religious whom she affectionately calls *mes Angéliques*: Claire Angélique de Beauvais and Françoise Angélique Priolo.¹ The second of the two was evidently the best beloved, and to her the exiled Queen opened her heart with unreserved confidence.

We have not Mother Priolo's answers, so can only judge her letters from the pleasure and solace they evidently brought her royal friend. We know however that Françoise Angélique was selected by Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon to spend some months at St. Cyr, when the Dames de St. Louis, who directed that establishment, having resolved to form a religious congregation, it became necessary to train them to the practices of conventual life.

Mother Priolo seems to have fulfilled this delicate task to the satisfaction of all concerned; several of the Queen's letters are addressed to her at "St. Cir," where both Mary Beatrice and her son, the young Prince of Wales, visited her on several occasions.

From St. Germain's, where Louis XIV. had placed the Palace at the disposal of his exiled kinsman, the Queen paid frequent visits to Chaillot. Her first prolonged stay at the convent seems to have taken place in the spring of 1689, only a few

¹ Françoise Angélique, called in the world Anne Priolo, was the daughter of Benjamin Priolo, secretary of the Duke of Longueville, and the author of a Latin history of some repute.

months after her arrival in France. King James had started on his Irish expedition and his anxious consort sought the friendly shelter of Chaillot. In April, however, she returned to St. Germain, where on the 28th she wrote to the Superioress a piteous letter :

As soon as I am away from your holy cloisters, I long to return to them. I believe that there is much self-indulgence in this feeling, but I may truly say that since the King left me, I have found rest nowhere except at Chaillot.

Outside this letter the careful "*Sœur archiviste*" of the community has written : "First letter of the Queen to our Mother, written in 1689."

The nuns had evidently sent the solitary Queen a little present, for she adds :

I eat your bread and your salad for my dinner ; I thank you for both, but I forbid you to send me any more unless I ask for it. Pray thank Mdle. de la Motte¹ for the preserves she sent me ; they were very good, but it is too much at a time. Adieu, my very dear Mother. I hope that St. Francis Xavier will hear the prayers that you will offer up for me to-morrow and that he will obtain for me from God either consolation or resignation.

Consolations were few and far between in Mary of Modena's much tried life, but the resignation for which she prayed was granted to her in an abundant measure !

At first, the King's Irish campaign seemed likely to succeed, and the good news stirred the Queen's heart with hope and pleasure. "God has almost entirely destroyed our enemies," she writes. She considers that the "King is almost completely master of Ireland," and truly when King James entered Dublin these sanguine expectations seemed about to be realized.

Then, on July 1st, 1690, came the Battle of the Boyne, where the English army, commanded by William III. in person, forced the Jacobite troops to retreat, and soon afterwards the unfortunate King returned to France.

Outside the letter expressing the hopes that were so cruelly disappointed, the "*Sœur archiviste*," probably with tears in her eyes, wrote these words : "This letter must not be shown, things not having succeeded in Ireland."

The blow was all the greater that the Queen, during the first years of her exile, confidently expected a speedy return to

¹ Mdle. de la Motte was a lady boarder who made the convent her home.

England. Nearly a quarter of a century later, in one of her familiar talks with her Chaillot friends, she owned that she would have been "in despair" if, on her arrival in France, she had been told that she must remain there even for two years, "and now," she added sadly, "we have been here for twenty-three years."

James II. seems to have borne his defeat with a resignation that was incomprehensible to his friends at Versailles. His reticence and outward indifference are somewhat severely commented upon by contemporary writers, and those who remembered the gallant admiral of bygone days hardly recognized their hero in the silent and broken exile.

Disappointment, sorrow, and ill health had worked the change, but, under the apparent apathy that shocked the demonstrative French courtiers, we must recognize in the fallen King virtues of patience and endurance that are worthy of praise. He had lost the enterprising spirit that leads men to victory, but had acquired the resignation that bows down without a murmur to a higher Will. In their *Lettre circulaire* the nuns of Chaillot relate the first visit that he paid them after his return from Ireland. Mother Priolo, in the name of her community, expressed her sorrow that the prayers offered up for his success had not been heard. James made no reply and the nun repeated the same sentence in a louder voice.

My Mother [said the King], I heard you very well the first time. I did not reply as I did not wish to contradict you, but I must say that I do not agree with you; I even venture to say that you are wrong when you seem to think that what you asked God to give us would have been better than what He gave us. All that God does is well done; I say more, nothing is well done but what is done by Him.

The remembrance of his past faults and follies pressed heavily on the King's mind, and he recognized that adversity had made him a better man. "Prosperity would have spoilt me," he used to say. "I should have lived a disorderly life."

Feeling as he did on these points, convinced as he was of the emptiness of worldly honours, if it had not been for the sake of his son and of his faithful followers, James would probably have resigned himself to the loss of his crown. But graver interests were at stake than his own personal satisfaction, and in 1692 he was induced to make another attempt to secure his rightful inheritance.

He had been informed that a large proportion of the people remained faithful to him, and that William III. was generally unpopular. He knew, moreover, that Marlborough, whose influence was great with the Princess Anne, kept up a secret correspondence with the Jacobite party; the Princess herself had even written to her injured father, expressing her regret for the undutiful part she had played during the Revolution that drove him from the throne.

Encouraged by the favourable news that he received from his partisans, James proceeded to La Hogue, where an army of 20,000 men, chiefly Scotch and Irish, had assembled, and where the French fleet, under Admiral Tourville, was in readiness to sail for England. However, the defeat of the French fleet off La Hogue again destroyed the expectations of the Jacobites, and James, crushed by this fresh blow, lingered on in Normandy as if he found it difficult to renounce all hope of retrieving his broken fortunes.

The Queen, who was expecting her confinement, writes pitiful letters to her Chaillot friends.

What shall I say to you, my very dear Mother, or rather what should I say if, for a short quarter of an hour, I might clasp you in my arms! I believe that the quarter of an hour would be spent in tears and sighs, and that my eyes and my sobs would speak more than my lips! In truth what can be said, after all that has happened and in the condition I am now in, except *O altitudo! O altitudo!* How different God's ways are from ours! We can see this in our late misfortunes and in the unexpected and almost supernatural accidents by which God has destroyed our plans and seemed to declare Himself so clearly against us. . . . What can we say to this, my very dear Mother, or rather is it not best to say nothing, to close one's lips and approve, if one can do so, all that God does, for, after all, He is the Lord of the Universe and it is just that all things should obey Him.

As time went on the Queen's resignation became more sweet and calm, and in her old age, when physical and mental sufferings pressed hardest upon her, she attained a degree of serenity that struck all who came near her. But in these first years of exile hope was still strong within her, and it was not without a struggle that her impetuous and sensitive spirit bowed down before the decrees of Providence.

The approach of her confinement filled her with dread:

I tremble with fear [she writes], but I wish that the moment was past that I may no longer fatigue myself and others by the suspense.

Louis XIV. showed himself a kind friend to the desolate Queen at this trying period of her life, and at last, on June 21st, James II., broken in health and spirits, arrived at St. Germain. A week later, on the 28th, Louisa Mary, the last Stuart Princess, was born in presence of the princesses and dignitaries of the French Court. Two months afterwards her solemn christening took place in the chapel of the palace, an event that is duly recorded in the *registres paroissiaux* of St. Germain.

The Cardinal de Bouillon, High Almoner of France, performed the ceremony; Louis XIV. stood godfather, and the godmother was Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, well known as the *Princesse palatine*, whose somewhat scandalous and gossiping letters contain naught but kindly mention of Mary Beatrice.

The birth of this daughter, his youngest and best beloved child, seemed to rouse the unfortunate King from the depression that weighed him down. He tenderly embraced the unconscious babe. "See," he said to the Queen, "the present that God has sent us to brighten our exile."

The years that immediately followed the birth of *la Consolatrice*, as James fondly called Princess Louisa, were perhaps the happiest in the Queen's life of exile.

She had been for some years past secure in the full possession of her husband's love and gratitude: "There never was a more perfect union than that of the King and Queen," "for many years this union had been their greatest comfort," write the good nuns of Chaillot; adversity had taught James the full value of his faithful consort's devotion. Their children were a constant source of interest and pleasure, although the delicate health of the Prince of Wales often caused his mother some anxiety. Allusions to her husband and children are of frequent recurrence in the Queen's letters to her friends; hers was a loving nature, framed for home affections, and except when they relate to her loved ones, political events interest her but little.

My son [she writes] has a cold, but happily no cough or fever; he is well now, and to-day he put on a wig. . . . My daughter has left off her pinafore; all this is hardly worth writing. Believe that I love you with all my heart, my dear Mother, and that I shall love you always.

In 1700, the Prince of Wales made his First Communion; after thanking the nuns for their prayers, the Queen adds:

I could not restrain my tears, . . . it seems to me that I offered my son to God with all my heart, begging Him to allow him to live only

to serve, honour, and love God. The child appears resolved to do this, and he assured me that he would rather die than offend God mortally.

The little Prince and his sister lived on familiar terms with the children of the faithful subjects who had followed their sovereigns into exile. The young Dillons, Middletons, Plowdens, Nugents, Mareschals, and others, who grew up at St. Germain, under the eyes of the King and Queen, were treated by them with indulgent kindness and shared in a great measure the daily life of the royal children; many pleasant traditions to this effect have survived among the descendants of the Jacobite emigrants.

Whatever may have been his shortcomings, James II. possessed the virtue of gratitude, a virtue often wanting in the great ones of this world, and the allowance of 50,000 francs which he received every month from Louis XIV., passed almost entirely into the hands of his needy followers.

Both the King and Queen observed the strictest economy with regard to their personal expenditure, and it was only out of deference to the French Sovereign, to whom they owed so much, that they kept up a certain state in the home of their exile. Their children were trained in the same principles; a pretty anecdote is related of the Prince of Wales, who, when only six years old, spontaneously emptied his purse into the hands of some forlorn Scotchmen, who were wistfully watching the royal boy at the palace gate.

From a similar desire to comply with the desires of Louis XIV., Mary Beatrice and her consort appeared from time to time at the Court of Versailles. These visits were, on the whole, a trial to the Queen, who, although in the prime of life, had suffered too keenly to take much pleasure in the pageants that delighted the courtiers and great ladies.

Louis XIV., who certainly appears to advantage in his dealings with his unfortunate cousins, treated them on every occasion with studied respect and unvarying kindness; and, from the first, Mary Beatrice had the good fortune to please the critical taste of the most splendid Court in Europe. St. Simon's bitter pen bestows unqualified praise on the exiled Queen; he admires her "majestic and imposing demeanour, which was, at the same time, gentle and modest."¹

¹ Vol. 15, p. 332.

Madame de Sévigné is equally impressed, and writes in January, 1689: "This Queen pleases every one; she has much intelligence, . . . all she says is sensible and to the point. . . . The King converses with her very pleasantly." Even her dress is approved of by the fastidious Marquise: "She has a black velvet dress, a beautiful skirt, her hair is well arranged, . . . she has much majesty."¹

The Queen's social success was due no doubt to her beauty, dignity, and to the exquisite courtesy, which made her universally popular; but we may believe also, that the approbation of Louis XIV. contributed to turn the tide in her favour. After her first appearance at Versailles, he had observed in presence of his Court: "That is how a Queen should be in mind and body."² The verdict had gone forth, and henceforth it was a recognized fact that, since Anne of Austria, no Princess to equal the Queen of England had appeared at Versailles.

Let us add, however, that the Queen's popularity survived her youth and her beauty, and that in her old age, when her powerful friend, Louis XIV., was dead and gone, she was still beloved and respected by the frivolous courtiers of the Regency.

Mary Beatrice remembered her friends at Chaillot during her visits to Marly, Versailles, or Fontainebleau. In one letter she relates how, on leaving St. Germain's to visit the French Court, she received a letter and a basket of fruit from Mother Priolo:

I was only able to read your letter in the carriage, when I also read the good and beautiful passage that Sister Catherine Angélique copied for me. It is truly wonderful. The King and my ladies were charmed with it, for I read it aloud. We also put your basket of fruit in the carriage; it was excellent; we eat some several times.

Hunting seems to have been the Queen's favourite pastime during her visits to Fontainebleau.

I have already hunted four times [she writes]; we have had fine weather and the King has, as usual, loaded us with a thousand marks of kindness.

Sometimes, however, in spite of the King's attentions, Mary Beatrice, who frankly owns that she had a haunting fear of "being importunate" and "a burden to others," found the atmosphere of the French Court trying.

¹ Letter of January 17, 1689, V. vi. p. 132.

² *Ibid.*

I endeavour here to do my best towards God and men [she writes from Fontainebleau], but alas ! I often fail in both respects. There is much dissipation here, but truly I am never so convinced of the shallowness and vanity of the world as when I am living in the midst of its greatest pomps and pleasures.

Among the vanities that occasionally vexed the anxious spirit of the English Queen were the complicated questions of etiquette, an all-important matter at the Court of Louis XIV.

Readers of St. Simon may remember the absurd value attached to these apparently trifling distinctions by the princesses and great ladies ; very wisely Mary Beatrice referred all knotty points to the personal decision of the King of France, a move that was dictated to her by a kind-hearted wish to hurt no one's feelings, but which proved highly politic, Louis XIV. being far more anxious to give his exiled guests the honours due to their rank than they were to claim them.

After the death of his undutiful daughter, Mary II., in 1694, James resolved to make a third attempt to recover his throne. Again the wind and weather were against him ; added to which the misunderstandings and mistakes of some of his followers, and the ill-will of others, made this new attempt a complete failure.

The King had gone to Calais, whence, if circumstances proved favourable, he intended to sail for England, and as usual the Queen sought comfort from her friends at Chaillot.

If you could imagine, my dear Mother, to what degree I have been overwhelmed with sorrow and also with business since I left you, your kind heart would have pity on mine. My heart is more constrained and discouraged than it has ever been, though for the last two or three days it seems to me that I begin to take courage again, or rather to submit with less difficulty, to the good pleasure of God, who does what He pleases in Heaven and on earth. No one can resist Him, and even if we could do so, I do not think that you or I would, or still less my good King. . . . The King is still at Calais or at Boulogne. As long as he remains there there is still some hope.

Alas ! this forlorn hope was doomed to disappointment. By the wish of Louis XIV. James abandoned an expedition which from the outset had small chance of succeeding, and returned to St. Germain. At heart the French King was anxious for peace with England, and in 1697, by the treaty of Ryswick, he agreed to recognize William III. as King of Great Britain.

The exiled sovereigns were on a visit to Fontainebleau when

news came that the peace was signed, and Louis, who evidently wished to avoid giving them unnecessary pain, softened the blow as best he could.

The generosity with which the fallen King and Queen made due allowance for what, after all, must have seemed to them an unfriendly act, no doubt gratified him.

We are in the depths of our hearts satisfied with your great King [writes Mary Beatrice to Mother Priolo]; he testifies much friendship, pity, and even sorrow for us. He had no power to act otherwise in the matter. . . . Our residence at St. Germain appears fixed from what he has told us—I say it appears, for in truth, after all we see, how can we believe that anything in this world is certain!

The nun probably answered by exhorting her royal friend to patience under this new blow, for the Queen replies:

I felt from the bottom of my heart the truth expressed in your letter. . . . God grant that I may benefit by it, and deem myself happy to be placed in the fortunate necessity of counting only on God and of attaching myself to Him alone.

The firm resolve of the French King not to consent to his unfortunate cousins being expelled from St. Germain must have been doubly precious to the Queen at a time when her consort's health was giving her new cause for anxiety.

In November, 1699, she was summoned from Chaillot, where she was making a retreat, the King's condition having alarmed his household, and during the next two years she nursed him with unrelenting love and care. The trembling handwriting and disconnected phrases of some of her letters at this period bear witness to her mental and physical fatigue.

In the spring of 1701, by the advice of his physicians, James went to the baths of Bourbon, and the journey of the royal pair to this famous health resort forms the subject of a special collection of documents in the Hôtel Soubise.

Many of the letters are written by the Queen herself, who evidently still hoped that the King's life might be spared:

If God grants us this grace [she writes], instead of complaining of the journey, which I thought long and inconvenient, I shall look upon it as the pleasantest and happiest in my life.

Sometimes the Queen's ladies write in her name. Thus Lady Sophia Bulkeley, her attendant for over thirty years, whose touching love for her royal mistress breaks forth through her

imperfect French, gives news of the party to Mdle. de la Motte, a lady boarder at the convent, whose presents of fruit and "confiture" are often mentioned by the Queen.¹

I cannot help making a great effort with a horrible pen to assure you that I continually think of you. . . . I do not wish to see you in the inns where we stay, for you would spend even worse moments than I do, but we must hope that the King will benefit by the waters, as he has benefited by his journey. If so, we must not complain of the fatigues that we have to undergo, though they are great for the Queen.

Another letter, not signed, was probably written by Lady Almonde, an Italian by birth, who had come with Mary Beatrice from Modena.² Lady Almonde's French is even worse than Lady Sophia's; she gives the nuns scraps of news that become interesting when they relate to one beloved as was Mary Beatrice by her cloistered friends. "The Queen plays at 'trik trak';" the Marquis d'Urfé, whom Louis XIV. had sent to escort his guests, goes to visit a Trappist monastery and returns "full of admiration;" the Bishop of Autun, an old friend of the King's, sends him "wine and preserves;" then she speaks of the royal invalid "who is very holy, making use of all things to glorify God with patience and submission."

The Queen made it a point of visiting the convents on her road, and the nuns of Melun and Montargis, whose letters form part of the collection, are full of praises of her piety and kindness.

On June 4th the travellers began their homeward journey without stopping: "for," writes the Queen, "we are, as you may believe, impatient to see our dear children."

The apparent improvement in the King's health did not last. In the following July, he had a fit, from which he only imperfectly recovered. He was still able however to walk to the terrace, which even now is the chief feature of St. Germain-en-Laye. Leaning on the arm of the Queen, surrounded by his children and faithful followers, the exiled Sovereign was an object of interest to the crowd that congregated to see him pass. There were some present whose eyes moistened as they marked the halting step and bent form of the once

¹ Lady Sophia Bulkeley died at St. Germain in 1730, at the age of seventy-eight. Her youngest daughter Anne was the second wife of the renowned Duke of Berwick.

² Anne Vittoria Montecuculi, created Countess of Almonde by James II., died at St. Germain in 1703.

handsome and brilliant royal Admiral of England ; others were spies in the pay of the English Government, and their despatches reveal the spiteful pleasure with which they noticed the failing strength of their old master.

As for James himself, his thoughts seemed centred on the land towards which he was hurrying. The nuns of Chaillot, in the papers before us, relate how once when he spoke to them of his willingness to die, the Queen's eyes filled with tears.

"Is it possible," she said, "that you count me and our children for nothing? What would become of us if you failed us?" "God will take care of you and of our children," answered the King; "what am I but a weak man, who can do nothing."

One of the nuns moved at the evident sorrow of the Queen approached the King and "very humbly" begged him not to speak in a manner that was so painful to her Majesty. "She must be prepared for my death," said James: "in the order of nature, I shall be the first to go."

The King paid his last visit to Chaillot before going to Bourbon. "He appeared," write the nuns, "to have a foreboding that it was for the last time." He conversed for a long time with the community and showed so great a detachment from earthly things that the enthusiastic Sister adds: "We seemed to see the great St. Louis conversing with the nuns of Maubuisson, Poissy, and Longchamps."

Although James II. would have been the first to disclaim the comparison between himself and his illustrious ancestor, it is certain that during the latter years of his life he attained a high degree of Christian fortitude and resignation.

On the 2nd of September he had another seizure and it became clear that the end was near; he sent for his children, bade his son serve God, honour his mother, and be grateful to the King of France; he then blessed his daughter with the utmost tenderness.

On Tuesday, September 6th, Louis XIV. came to St. Germain's. The Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and Madame de Maintenon, all of whom were sincerely attached to Mary Beatrice, had persuaded him to recognize the Prince of Wales as the rightful King of England after his father. Yielding to their entreaties and also to his kindly feeling for the Queen and her boy, he for once sacrificed his political interests to his private affections. After speaking some cordial words to his dying cousin, he

declared that he was ready when God should call King James to Himself to recognize the Prince of Wales as King of Great Britain and Ireland. St. Simon tells us that the Englishmen who filled the room, threw themselves on their knees and, with passionate tears of gratitude, kissed the King's hand, weeping for joy.

James II. lived for a few days after this act, which meant the direct violation of the treaty of Ryswick, and, in consequence, war between France and England. His last days on earth were probably made happier by the knowledge that his wife and children were under the patronage of his powerful kinsman, but his thoughts turned almost unceasingly towards eternity; he repeated several times in a loud voice that he forgave his enemies, and he named his daughter Princess Anne and his son-in-law the Prince of Orange.

The passionate sorrow of Mary Beatrice seemed alone to disturb his peace. "Are you not," he said, "the bone of my bone, the flesh of my flesh, are you not part of myself, how is it that I am happy and that you are in despair? I suffer because I see that you are suffering. . . ." Another time, he said: "Adieu, Madame, do not weep for me, I am going to be happy."

At three in the afternoon, on September 16, 1701, the King breathed his last. A few minutes later, at the chief entrance of the palace, James III. was proclaimed King of Great Britain, Ireland, and France.

Although she had long expected the blow, the unhappy Queen's sorrow was intense; a few hours later, accompanied by four of her ladies, she left St. Germain's for Chaillot; the nuns tell us how they stood at the entrance of the cloister waiting for the royal widow; she entered,

Her face covered by her veils, without uttering a word, till one of our Sisters, in whom she had perfect confidence, repeated to her as she kissed her hand these words of the Psalms: "My soul, wilt thou not submit to God," and these others: "My God, Thou hast willed it so." Her Majesty replied, with a deep sigh: *Fiat voluntas tua.*

The Queen spent three days at Chaillot, her ladies were exhausted with fatigue, and the nuns took upon themselves to watch by their royal guest day and night. The *Lettre circulaire* gives us a pathetic account of these mournful vigils, during which the desolate Queen interrupted her prayers only to talk to her sympathizing companions of the beloved dead. On

Monday, the 19th, she put on her widow's dress ; her ladies and the nuns wept to see her arrayed in these lugubrious garments, but she assured them that to her they were welcome, for they expressed the feelings that filled her soul ! That same evening, Mary Beatrice returned to St. Germain's, where her children, who had spent three days in the Duc de Lauzun's house at Passy, joined her.

During their absence the King's body had been removed to the English Benedictines of the Faubourg St. Jacques, there to await the day when it might be transferred to Westminster, according to the desire expressed in his will. His heart was taken to Chaillot, his brains to the Scotch College in Paris, and his intestines were laid in the parish church of St. Germain's, opposite the Palace, where a calm and holy death had closed his chequered career.

The English Benedictines have left Paris, the Scotch College is used as a private school, the Palace of St. Germain's itself has become a museum, and nothing is left to remind the visitor of those who lived, suffered, and died within its walls. But in the parish church is a white marble monument, erected to the memory of King James, by George IV. *Regio Cineri, Pietas Regia*, says the inscription.

When, a few weeks ago, we visited St. Germain's, bunches of fresh flowers, visiting-cards bearing pencilled words in honour of England's "illustrious Admiral," lay on the monument, an unexpected and pathetic tribute of English tourists to the last Stuart King.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

Amidst the Shadows.

THOSE who have at any time found delight in reading Scandinavian myths or German allegories and fairy-tales, will remember their curious after-effect upon the mind; how one cannot immediately shake off the weird memories of the wondrous beings of the world of dreams and fancies, nor at once free oneself from the magic spell of dark forests, pine-clad, ravine-riven mountains, and the fascinating music of rushing streams blended with the wild deep harmonies of storm and tempest. And yet, we know perfectly well that we have been wandering in the realm of unrealities—that, at most, legend, and saga, and myth possess but fragments of truth, concealed beneath the strange and flowing garments of poetic fancy, from the ken of all except the patient and enlightened student.

Will it be thought that I have been fast asleep and dreaming under some such influence as I have described, if I say that in many a lonely vigil kept by my study fire, similar impressions have been left upon my mind, after my wanderings through the mazes of a land where unrealities dwell side by side with realities the most stupendous? And yet I have not overpassed the limits of a section of the great metropolis, whence the struggle for wealth and pleasure, name and place, and the still more breathless struggle for daily bread, have surely banished from the lives of all but a few dreamers, everything that could savour of poetic unreality.

Are we not all day long, you ask, coming in unwelcome contact with realities so grim, that at times we are glad to seek relief from their weary pressure in the world of fiction or the dreams of poets? No thoughtful mind will deny so patent a fact, but beside it I place an assertion equally undeniable: side by side with the real and the true, is a world of unrealities, peopled, not with hobgoblins and giants, water sprites or fairies, but with shadowy forms, which, in the dimness of the twilight, are often-times mistaken for visitants from a brighter world,

angelic messengers from the only land where shadows are unknown. Let me illustrate this statement from my personal experience.

My childhood and early youth were passed outside the stormy region of religious controversy. I had a vague knowledge of one Almighty God, the Creator of all things in Heaven and earth, whom I was taught to call "Our Father." Of Heaven, His dwelling-place, I heard much less than of the dark abyss of Hell, to which all naughty children were inevitably bound, and a terrible dread often seized upon me that I myself must share their awful doom. I wonder sometimes if among the many children I meet, there can be one who hides in his heart the dark fears which took all the sunshine out of my life, at the time when most children, however hard their lot, are free from dreary forebodings for the future. The years have brought their inevitable burdens, their sorrows and their pain; but as I look back upon the lonely child, who was supposed to be sleeping the calm sleep of healthy childhood, tossing restlessly in an agony of fear lest death should come in the darkness of the night, I feel that many later troubles were as nothing in comparison with those hours of utter misery.

Study, work, and contact with others, naturally dulled in course of time the vivid impressions made upon my mind at the period when the imagination can seek no aid from the as yet undeveloped powers of reasoning, but my thoughts long ran in the same groove. I knew not, alas! (to borrow St. Augustine's words so often quoted), "I knew not Thee, O Beauty, ever Ancient ever New." The God of whom I thought as "the Almighty" (for so I daily heard Him called), was a Being far far away, one dwelling in an impenetrable abyss of uncreated light, whence He would come forth in terrible majesty at the awful day of doom, to judge the living and the dead. I knew not of one, All-just, indeed, yet none the less All-merciful, the Son of Man whose Heart has known the anguish of temptation, and whose pity rests upon each wandering child of the race He has redeemed with the Blood He drew from the veins of a human Mother.

It was rarely indeed that I broke through my natural reserve, and allowed any one to guess that I had any care for matters outside the ordinary routine of business and pleasure. But I had a friend who, being very zealous, with the zeal of a neophyte, made most strenuous efforts to influence me for good,

or, as he would have said, to "convert me." He certainly did rouse me to the consideration of the fact that all around me were countless men and women, to whom the subject of religion was of paramount interest, each answering for him or herself the most momentous of questions, and regarding the awful mysteries of life and death in entirely different ways.

To the Church of England, which affords a name and a place within her sheltering arms for men of all creeds, or no creed, I was indebted for the few religious ideas I possessed. The calm atmosphere of the old city church which I usually attended was seldom ruffled by controversial questions; true, occasional references were made "to the errors of Rome," but the subject excited scarcely more interest than if the allusion had been to the worship of the ancient Druids, or to the doctrines of Confucius, or Buddha.

The sermons I heard made, as a rule, very little impression on my mind, except a general one, of having heard, in a slightly varied form, what the preacher had to say some thousands of times before.

We were a family of conservative views, our house stood within the boundaries of the parish, our grand-parents lay buried in the churchyard, and this was considered a sufficient reason for very seldom straying into other places of worship which attracted our fellow-citizens. It was a matter of principle with us in those days, "to stick to the parish church" and support the rector, who rewarded our fidelity by calling on us occasionally (he was a man of high social rank—youngest son of a baronet, I believe), though we were not on visiting terms with his wife and daughters. But, as I have said, questions had now arisen in my mind to which the Church of the family gave no answer. I was really getting anxious and dissatisfied, and having at length awakened to the fact that my Parish Church of St. George and its clergy did not exhaust all possible spiritual aliment, one fine Sunday morning I broke through the family tradition and deserted my parish church.

The prominent idea in my mind was that I must learn to worship "in spirit and in truth." Faith, simple faith, finding expression in prayer, which should be the outpouring of a trusting heart, untrammelled by forms and ceremonies; this was the ideal set before me by the friend who accompanied me.

The service had already begun when I entered the crowded

building to which my guide led me, and I soon realized that the model on which, as he said, I might learn to form my prayer was before me. One voice alone was upraised in supplication, pleading with the great Father of the weary, suffering, sin-laden children of men, for the erring, the faint-hearted, the wavering. As I listened I thought, "Surely he pleads for me, for I am lost in error and in doubt;" and bowing my head I, too, prayed with quite unwonted emotion to our common Father for light and peace. Before long I became aware that the time for prayer was at an end. I was most eager to hear the words of the preacher. What would he say of the great Father to whom he had spoken with such pathetic eloquence? He discoursed at length on a passage in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and his explanations ended, he addressed his various classes of hearers with ever-increasing energy.

"You who are saved," he cried, "rejoice in your salvation. The mercy of your Father in Heaven encircles you, even as of old it enclosed Noah and his family in the Ark; and none may pluck you, His elect, out of His hand! Tremble, you unconverted sinners, the flood of iniquity will engulf you as surely as the waters of the Deluge swept away the men of old; no Father's love rests upon you, for you are not of His children, you are not of His elect; you are not of the household of faith, its language is unknown to you, you are of the world, and the world is at enmity with God"—and much more in the same strain.

I went out quickly before the congregation had begun to disperse, and wandered far away till I had reached a road which led to quiet lanes and meadows, feeling an imperative need to be alone. I had often comforted myself by thinking of the all-pervading sunshine, as a symbol of the Love of God which rested upon every child of man, however unworthy he might be; but now, as I walked through the streets, I noted places where dark shadows lay, and spots from which the sunshine was shut out by narrowing obstacles the work of human hands, and even in the fields and lanes the simile held good, for there were dark shady corners everywhere. As in nature, so in grace! and in the somewhat excited state of my mind, I came to the conclusion that I was one of those unhappy ones who must ever dwell in the dread shades of the Divine Wrath, such as might never hope to dwell in the glad light of their "assured salvation," for they are not of the elect.

Why should I seek yet further? Before the first dawn of

light, when the voice of God uttered its *Fiat*, the number of the elect had been decreed, and I was surely left outside the mystic number of the blest! And yet, if this were so, I asked, why was I created? I could not answer that great question, but there flashed suddenly into my mind words, which I had heard a thousand times unmoved: "God hath not appointed us unto wrath, but unto the purchasing of salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ who died for us."¹ St. Paul had written those words by Divine inspiration. . . I could not reconcile them with the doctrine of the preacher, and before I turned my steps homewards, I had given up all attempts to do so—although an impression was left upon my mind as of a fearful nightmare which might any day re-appear.

As I thought over this doctrine, which was new to me, it came into my mind that although it sounded Scriptural, yet it disagreed with this text and that, and as, after all, it was but the minister's interpretation of the words of St. Paul, why should not my interpretation of the matter be as correct as his? Why was I to take his view of things? At any rate, although my friend solemnly assured me that the trouble of mind I had endured was a clear proof that "the Lord was speaking to me by the mouth of His servant," I could not be persuaded to put myself a second time within the reach of his message. I could not, however, rest contented without seeking further.

The music of eight sweet-voiced bells was filling all the air with melody, and, in response to their invitation, one Sunday evening I joined the crowd which passed through the wide porch into the old grey church. There was a solemn decorum about the place which soothed me; the rays of the setting sun fell aslant through pictured windows, casting patches of bright colour upon some of the graceful slender pillars and on the inlaid floor. Ere long, the beautiful organ responded to the touch of a master's hand; its tones rose and fell in exquisite harmonies; and then the voices of men and boys were raised in sacred song. I know not whether my devout pleasure in the music could in any sense be called "worship," but it was a feast of melody for ears as sensitive as mine.

I listened intently when the voice of the teacher succeeded to the voice of prayer and praise. No harsh discourse was his! He spoke of gentle words and deeds which make men like to

¹ 1 Thess. v. 9, 10.

God, he bade his hearers rise to higher things by culture of God-given powers of mighty intellect. "The soul within you is a spirit pure and free—why will you fetter it by morbid fancies? An eternity of progress is before you. Cast away your puerile theories of sin, and cease to fear a non-existent devil and his fabulous abode of woe. Sin! what is sin!" he cried. "Shall the immortal soul which is the breath of God, be kept from its strong onward, upward flight by the inevitable frailties due to its state of earthly bondage?"

And the crowd listened to his words with bated breath, and when at length he ceased to speak, there was a general movement almost of relief, for the spell of his gentle eloquence enchained us all. But—might a soul like mine find healing thus? "Sin is the dream of morbid minds." Alas! it was no dream to me! The deep-rooted consciousness in good and bad alike, that good and evil deeds must find hereafter a fitting retribution, could that be a dream, a puerile fancy to be relegated to the region of nursery tales and "old wives'" fables? A voice within me gave the lie to his soft words! It could not be that man, God-gifted as in truth he is, should heal the wounds of his remorse and degradation by stretching forth his hand to take once more fruit from the tree of knowledge! The dreadful consciousness of evil deeds that bring forth fruits of crushing shame, and the keen anguish of remorse—could such realities be blotted out by culture of the mind? Oh! vain and foolish hope, how will its delusive flatteries vanish, when earthly shadows flee away before the brightness of His coming who shall judge the living and the dead!

Thus then I was as far off as ever from finding what I sought. Why my mind was not led captive by doctrines which have so much to make them acceptable I cannot tell; I only know that I was honest in my desire to know the truth, and God in His mercy would not suffer me to rest in anything short of His own revelation to mankind.

On my way home I passed a large hall to which conspicuous placards invited the passers-by. An impulse of curiosity prompted me to enter and learn what the Agnostic had to say on the great problems of life. "Peace—a contented mind"—such he promised, if men would but consent to answer every yearning after truth in the manner he suggested. "We know not what is true, for if there be a God who called me into being, has He not launched me like a vessel without pilot and

without rudder, on the wide ocean of what men call life? Pleasure and pain, the existence of which you cannot deny, these things alone we know to be true."

Hundreds of eager men and women, yes and mere boys and girls too, with their half-formed minds, were hanging on the words of this platform orator.

Sick at heart I hastened back into the street, asking—"Is there, indeed, no power on earth to guide such wanderers to the knowledge of God?" The people are as sheep having no shepherd! It cannot be that God has left no authority to teach and guide men *now*, as in the times of the first Christians—but where? . . . Some months later I found, as I thought, the answer to the question.

For fifteen years, although time had brought changes all around us, the congregation of St. George's had known no variation in the doctrine or ritual which expressed the mind of the good rector. But now it was reported that the patrons of a certain well-endowed living, knowing our pastor to be a "safe" man, and moreover a man of good birth, had offered him a pleasant country parish where it was thought he might please rich and poor alike, and smooth down certain discords raised during the short reign of the late incumbent who had "Romanizing" tendencies.

A few Sundays after the confirmation of this report came the rector's farewell sermon, and the presentation next day of a purse of gold and an elegant timepiece, in token of the goodwill and unfeigned regret of the church-going portion of the parishioners. For some Sundays the services were taken by the senior curate, and while we were wondering whether he would step into the late rector's shoes, the arrival of the Rev. Laurence Purcell, the new rector, ended our conjectures.

He was not quite to the taste of the churchwardens, and some of the old ladies objected to his Roman collar and the cassock which he always wore in the church (and very often out of it also), but he soon proved that he could preach, that he was very much in earnest, and that there were corners in St. George's where the dust would lie no longer undisturbed. Very soon the old-fashioned communion-table, with its blue cover and cushions, was replaced by another, vested in different colours according to the feasts, and adorned with flowers and candlesticks. The tolling of the bell three times a day was voted no small nuisance by some who lived close to the church.

Some of the oldest parishioners went in a body and told the rector plainly that they must give up their sittings and go elsewhere; to which he responded that it was his intention to have "no seat rents" and that they must consider themselves free to sit anywhere! But although a large proportion of the congregation left the church, St. George's had never been so well attended, indeed there was often not a seat to be had on the Sunday evenings. At the end of six months, the new rector had completely changed everything, and what was more, he had won over not a few of those who had been most opposed to his innovations—myself amongst the number.

Laurence Purcell was no mere Ritualist or lover of external observances, but his whole soul was dominated by the one idea that he was a priest, that he had power to absolve penitent sinners, and that as he ministered at the altar, he offered a true Eucharistic Sacrifice for the living and the dead.

In course of time I learnt to believe the doctrine he taught. Now, at length, I had found more than I ever hoped for, and I was perfectly happy in my new creed. I read its truth in every page of my Book of Common Prayer (from which, by the way, the Thirty-nine Articles had carefully been omitted), and in many a passage of Holy Scripture, which till then had been to me but words hard to be understood. None of the family except my youngest brother followed me in my adhesion to the new rector; his Romish teaching, they said, held them excused from attendance at their parish church.

Now, indeed, we who had lived in Sleepy Hollow, were launched into a very sea of controversy! It was High Church against Low Church, for we troubled ourselves little about any other forms of belief; it was what we considered Catholic against what was un-Catholic; although, in common with Dissenters, Broad Churchmen and Low Churchmen, we both shared our good pastor's dislike of what we called "the errors of Rome."

Each morning found us at the early Celebration, each evening at the Evensong. No social duties were allowed to interfere with these devotions, and so, for some long time, I lived contentedly, assured that I had found in my confessor the authority of our Lord Himself. But this state of things was destined to receive an earthquake shock!

My brother began to show symptoms of instability—he seemed anxious and abstracted, and was often absent on

Sundays from the services which had been his delight. At length he told me that after the most careful study and earnest prayer, he was convinced that the Church of England did not and could not possess the prerogatives our good "Father" claimed for her, for he said, "There is but one Church which Christ founded upon the Rock, and it seems to me that that must be the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, of which the Vicar of Christ, the Pope, is the Visible Head."

The Pope! I heard the word with a shudder! How Charlie could think of becoming a Papist, and believing in Indulgences and miraculous images, and the worship of saints and angels, instead of going on simply in the "purest branch" of the Catholic Church, I could not conceive! "If we had no absolution for sin and no Mass," I said, "I could understand your seeking them elsewhere." "I fear we have neither the one nor the other," Charlie answered, "and therefore I am going where I know for certain I *shall* have them. I could not endure a shadow of a doubt in a matter of such tremendous importance."

And so he went to the Popish Church of St. Joseph, and the church, once the church of the family, knew him no more. It was a great grief to me, and I prayed day and night that he might return to the Anglican Church; to this day I recall the very comical look on his face when I told him so, adding, "It's no use *your* praying for me, I *am* as much a Catholic as you are!"

Now just at that very time "Father Purcell" fell dangerously ill, and so I was deprived of the consolation of his help and advice; and then, to make things worse, came a report that his illness was greatly due to mental anxiety, and that he had accepted the visits of a Roman priest! Like many other reports, this was neither wholly true nor altogether false, the individual mistaken for a Roman ecclesiastic was merely a harmless, clean-shaven member of the E.C.U.!

The *locum tenens* carried out the services as usual, but somehow St. George's was St. George's no longer without Mr. Purcell! And then Charlie had an awkward way of making statements which, if true, must completely undermine my theory of what the Catholic Church really is, and he would ask questions which I could not answer! Oh! if only I could ask the rector! But he could receive neither visits nor letters and as soon as he was well enough, he went abroad and then

... a little later a letter from himself proved beyond all doubt, that he had "gone over."

Why had he acted thus? a man who had, as I thought, refuted Roman errors a thousand times! I determined to pray for light, and to study the matter for myself. And so it came to pass that the source of all light and truth took pity on me. I knelt one morning, dreary and sad at heart, in my accustomed place. How peaceful and how beautiful the old church looked! The altar was richly adorned with tapestries of gold and white. The fragrant breath of choice flowers filled the air. There were the vested clergy, the light of taper and of lamp, the voice of prayer and praise. I longed to pray, but my heart was heavy with doubt and fear. "I will unite my prayer with the great Sacrifice," I thought, and I waited for the moment of consecration with longing desire. Then it was shown to me that no fire descended on that altar, the Voice of the Great High Priest was silent, for shadows only had place there; present indeed, were the symbols of His love, but there His Sacramental Presence might not dwell, where consecrating hands had set apart *no priest*.

It was the end of a long struggle, but at last I grasped the truth, that the work of the saints of my early years, Cranmer, Ridley, Hooper, and Latimer, had been an abiding work, that the Church of England had for over three hundred years deliberately ceased to ordain "sacrificing priests," and although after the lapse of the first hundred years of the existence of the Anglican Church, the Ordinal used in the ordination of her clergy was altered to its present form, my eyes were opened to see that it was impossible that "invalidly ordained priests when made Bishops could convey the powers which constitute the priesthood."

It was surely the phantom of Archbishop Laud that had fascinated me! Now at length a region of realities was opening out before me! Therein I found the Church founded upon the Rock against which no heresies can prevail, the Visible Church of God with its Visible Head. There *alone* is the "one faith" and the worship of the "one Lord" by whose authority her ministers teach *all* nations, and, hard as it is to convince Englishmen of the fact, no special exception is made of the nation to which it is my privilege to belong!

And here I pause and look back! I see afar off the dreadful vision of my childish years—the God whose only attribute was

judgment without mercy! Surely no grim giant of Scandinavian legend was more a phantom of the mind than He! How different my childish years would have been had I but been taught to know Him, as He is, "a Father who pitieth His children." And then I see the gloomy, cruel ghost of Calvin, disguised as a messenger who speaks from God to men. He tells me of a God who has chosen many, millions, yea myself perchance, to be eternal monuments of His wrath! No cruel warrior of Icelandic lore could be less like the Father who by the Voice of His Beloved Son cries from the Cross of Calvary: "*Whosoever* will let him drink of the Water of life freely."

And then I see the still more dangerous forms of those who, like the fabled Lorelei, seek to lure me to my doom by siren songs, and who would soothe me gently to a fatal sleep—the forerunner of eternal death. . . . And lastly I see, like some fair city reflected in the mirage of the desert, the phantom of a Church which claims to be Catholic and Apostolic—yea, the very Bride of Christ Himself. But see! her foundations rest not on the rock—she stands upon the shifting sands of men's opinions; she is a headless phantom! I set my lips to the chalice that she offers to quench my soul's thirst, but the "living waters of Sacramental grace" are still beyond my reach.

Do I then speak at random, when I say that men mistake for God's own messengers the shadowy misconceptions of their own minds? How long shall the land sit in darkness and in these shades of death!

Could but the nation recognize as their Heaven-sent guide, her whom long ago they banished from the land, the shadows would depart, and all phantoms fly before the calm, clear light of the perfect revelation of Divine Truth.

More than fifty years ago Cardinal Newman depicted the pilgrim Queen "from out whose eyes came the deep glowing blue of Italy's skies," sitting desolate in the dim twilight, in "this green merry land," which she says "once was my own."

She raised up her head, and she smiled, as a Queen
On the day of her crowning.

Yet surely her smile is brighter now than it was then, and we may thank God and take courage as we see the daily realization of hopes, which in those days could only find place in the

hearts of a few who knew that faith and prayer could not appeal to Heaven in vain. Does not her voice sound ever more clear and strong as we listen to her words :

"A moment," she says,
"And the dead shall revive.
The giants are failing,
The saints are alive.
I am coming to rescue
My home and my reign."

S. M. W.

An Accomplished Fact.

"WHO are those two?"

"The grey-haired man and the girl?"

"Yes."

"That's Professor Sinclair; the girl is his only daughter, only child in fact."

"What! Sinclair of Cambridge?"

"Yes. Know him?"

"Heard of him. Wrote a book on the 'Non-existence of the Soul,' didn't he? A raging success at the time. Made his fortune and reputation. And that's his daughter! Well, I'm sorry for her. I hear he has educated her in his views and intends her to carry on his crusade against the religionists. She's much too pretty for that sort of thing. Ought to be tall and angular, wear goggles, and the rest, to be the exponent of his pessimistic theories. Why are they here?"

"Girl run down. Ordered rest and sea air. She looks unhappy, to me. But here they come; we had better move on or they will see we are watching them." And the speakers, two average Englishmen, continued their stroll over the downs.

Father and daughter, climbing the cliff, were too much occupied with each other to notice the men. He was tall, spare, grey-haired, with clearly-cut features and a massive forehead. But his eyes held a restless, dissatisfied expression in them and his mouth was hard and cynical.

His daughter was a dark-faced, piquant little maiden, whose chestnut hair curled in silky waves and tendrils round an open, fearless brow. Her father's dissatisfied expression was duplicated in her eyes, but her mouth had a little mournful curve and droop, sad to see in so young a girl, and a hopeless listlessness seemed to pervade her being.

"Tired, Ethel?" he said, as he helped her over the rough places and led her to a seat on the verge of the cliff.

"A little, papa. 'Tis a good pull up this incline. I should not like to have to climb it alone."

"But the view from the top is worth the effort, dear. See, in front, the glorious expanse of sea, limitless and unbounded, stretching away as far as eye can reach. And here, to the left, these wonderful jagged granite cliffs, rising almost perpendicularly from their base; and the foaming, dashing breakers falling back from their impotent onslaught upon poor old Scarp."

Ethel looked over the side of the cliff to the feet of "Scarp," as the rough, jagged mass was called, and shuddered a little when she saw the wild waters swirling and boiling around its base. A vision of men battling for dear life, tossed from stormy crested wave to jagged rock, rose before her mental gaze.

"Isn't it a dangerous coast, papa? those breakers look cruel and threatening."

He laughed, a little harshly. "Mother Nature is always cruel, even in her most sublime spots," he said. "The weakest must go to the wall. Humanity, which is her grist, must be ground in her mills: all science points to that fact."

"But is not this a dangerous coast, papa?" persisted Ethel.

"Yes, I suppose it is to a stranger; but I should imagine the inhabitants of this little town know it well. The fisher-folk say there is rarely an accident here. What—you look frightened, child! Let us walk on."

They walked on silently for some time, Ethel's thoughts busy with the mental picture conjured up at the sight of those cruel breakers, Mr. Sinclair's already on his work.

"I have nearly finished my treatise on 'Vicarious Suffering,' Ethel, and am waiting for your help in looking up some authorities. I hope to have it in the hands of the publishers in a few weeks."

She turned upon him inquiring eyes. "Are you working it out to your satisfaction, papa?" for he had been doubtful as to a conclusion or two.

"Yes." He spoke a little dubiously; then rallying himself, "The deeper I go into the subject the more fully am I convinced that there is no such thing as vicarious sacrifice. No person has ever *willingly* given his life for another—where there was chance of escape. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, Ethel, and humanity cannot rise above it. No, vicarious sacrifice is too sublime an idea to have any basis of fact. Merely a poetic conception of the Greeks, my child."

Ethel sighed. The thought struck her that the idea was *too sublime* to be "*merely* a conception," but she refrained from putting it into words. The girl had a warm, generous disposition, and this dogma of Christianity, which her father was now combating with pen and brain, appealed to her forcibly. Given One who had suffered for others, for friends and enemies alike, One who had willingly laid down His life from pure unselfish love, then, for her, the whole Christian system would have a new force and meaning. Only now, when eagerly looking up authorities for her father's work, was it borne in upon her that Christianity was a connected, logical, systematic outcome of dogmas put forward by its Founder or founders. And she had been hoping against hope that her father would look into the *positive* side of the question, that she might have the opportunity of satisfying herself. She was not happy in her present position—the leaven of doubt in her father's infallibility had begun its work in her soul. But he told her the very teachers and preachers of this dogma no longer believed in it—and in whom could she trust if not in her father?

It was the old story, a broken troth, a ruined life. Agnes Markham, daughter of the Rector of Foraby, had been promised from childhood to Maxwell Sinclair, son of the rich banker of that town. Sinclair's father had failed in business, and the marriage was no longer a desirable one to the worldly-minded Rector. Misrepresentations—a boyish escapade magnified—deceptions and petty tyrannies had influenced Agnes' naturally weak disposition, and Sinclair had left Foraby with rage and despair filling his heart, under the impression that Agnes no longer cared for him, that her love had departed with his riches.

So his trust in humanity fled—what else was left to him? From that day every man's hand was against him, and his against every man's.

Of course he took to writing diatribes against religion and its professors, made money and a reputation, and when, ten years after, Agnes came to him ill and heart-broken, accusing and reproaching her dead father, the iron had entered too deeply into his soul. They married, however, and he enjoyed one short year of comparative peace, which might have developed into happiness, but Agnes died on giving birth to Ethel, and that chapter of his life closed for ever. Henceforth he would live for his work alone: Ethel should be brought up with no

knowledge of the positive side of Christianity; he would dedicate his life and hers to the cause of science.

The sands were glowing under the last rays of the setting sun when Father Malcolm, open Breviary in hand, walked slowly along the beach. Absorbed in his prayers he failed to notice the incoming tide, until a wave broke at his feet scattering the salt spray over book and man.

"Only just in time to reach the steps before the tide is in," he murmured. "I'm pretty active for an old man, but I doubt if even I could climb Scarp's steep sides, and very shortly, if the tide comes in at this rate, that would be my only refuge from a watery grave. There is certainly that little ledge of rock where one might be safe for a few hours, but it would be long before I could get off, and that would be rather unpleasant for an old fellow like me."

He walked on swiftly: then a thought struck him, and an awful fear smote his heart. He stood still. "Dear me! didn't I see a young lady a few minutes ago sitting by the further breakwater? She hasn't passed me, and there is no other ascent to the downs than these steps. Does she know what a dangerous coast this is, I wonder? Dear me! I must go back."

Breathing a prayer, he retraced his steps, and ran to the bend where he had seen the lady.

Slowly the tide crept in.

"Yes, she is there, and evidently quite unconscious of her peril."

"Hillo, madam!" he shouted, as soon as he was within earshot; but the girl only looked round in displeased surprise, although a little frightened at being thus accosted by a stranger. A few more strides and he was at her side. "No time for ceremony now, madam," he said, as he caught her hand and drew her to her feet, flinging away camp-stool, book, and umbrella, and all that would impede progress. "We are almost cut off by the tide and must run." He drew her on, smiling approvingly, in spite of his fears, as he saw how fleet of foot she was.

Not a word passed between them until they reached the steps on the other side of the rock. They were too late, the water already covered the steps. Father Malcolm looked grave; he stopped to consider what was next to be done, and the girl's face paled as she caught his look.

"We must try the Scarp, my child," he said, after a moment's thought. "There is foothold there, at least for a time," and again they ran back.

A small strip of sand at the foot of Scarp was still untouched by the rushing waters. Here they stood for a few moments: the huge, jagged pile of rock looked down frowningly upon them.

The priest broke the awful silence. "Are you a visitor here, child? I am Father Malcolm, Rector of St. Agnes in the Hollow," pointing to the cliffs above his head.

"And I, Ethel Sinclair, Professor Sinclair's daughter. Is there danger?"

The priest looked at her pityingly; Professor Sinclair's fame was world-wide.

"Do you know any prayers, Miss Sinclair?"

She looked surprised. "Professor Sinclair and his daughter have never recognized the need for prayer. Is there danger, Father?" the title rose quite naturally to her lips.

"In less than an hour unless help is forthcoming we shall be in eternity," he said, with gravity.

Ethel shuddered; her lips paled; a great fear of the Destroying Angel came upon her. But her first thought was for her father. "My dear, dear father, how will he bear it," she cried. Then, "Father, I am afraid of death, afraid of the Unknown."

"We are but going Home a little sooner than we looked for, my dear Miss Sinclair. A loving Father is calling His children Home before the sunset hour," and he lifted his hat reverently as he spoke. "But I think I can place you on that ledge of rock above my head, you will find foothold there for a time."

He lifted her gently on to the jutting ledge of rock out of the reach of the foaming waters, fast encroaching upon the strip of sand. Ethel saw there was foothold for one. "You are safer there, at least for a time. Will you say some prayers with me? I am sure you recognize your need for help now from a higher power."

"But my father says——"

"Never mind what your father says. Look into yourself and——"

She interrupted him hastily. "Did you pass me on your way to the steps some time ago?"

"Yes." He thought she was beginning to wander.

"And did you return for me when you found the tide was coming in?"

"Yes," he said again.

"Then you knew you were risking your life for me when you came back?"

Father Malcolm was silent.

"Answer me, Father, for the love of God in whom you believe."

"Yes, Miss Sinclair."

"Why did you do this thing—why risk your life for me?"

"For love of Him who gave His life for all," said Father Malcolm, gravely, "our great Exemplar Jesus Christ."

"Then you *believe* in His vicarious suffering?" the girl strained eager eyes upon his.

"Of course, Miss Sinclair, with all my heart and soul. Do you think we profess what we do not believe?"

"And my father at this moment is writing a book against the idea of a 'vicarious sacrifice.'" The irony of the situation forced the cry from her lips, "Oh, will he never know you gave your life for me?" Then in quieter tones, "Teach me to pray, Father."

Slowly and reverently the priest said the Act of Contrition, and slowly and reverently Ethel repeated it after him; then the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity followed. The priest marvelled at her ready acceptance of the ideas suggested by the prayers—surely light had gone before.

"Now we will pray for succour. Miss Sinclair, promise me, if you are saved, you will look into the claims of Christianity with an unprejudiced mind and pray for light. God will do the rest."

A little cheered and comforted, despite the gathering darkness overhead and the swirling, rushing waters below, Ethel stood, pressed against the side of the rock. She could not see that the waters were already above Father Malcolm's ankles, and did not realize his almost immediate danger. He continued praying aloud, his words filling the girl with a strange courage and confidence. Then he lifted a tranquil face to hers, "Fasten this handkerchief to your wrist, Miss Sinclair, a passing boat may see and recognize it as a signal of distress. We shall meet again in eternity." She heard him cry aloud, "Though He slay me, yet will I put my trust in Him. Into Thy hands, O Lord,

I commend my spirit. Lord Jesus receive my soul." Then a wave wilder than the rest tore him from his foothold. The sound of a man's momentary futile battling with the waters was borne to her ears, and then—Ethel knew she was alone, and that a "vicarious sacrifice" had become an accomplished fact before her very eyes. Father Malcolm had given his life for hers. She did not cry out, nor did she lose consciousness: his act had awakened her whole brain. Faint echoes of his prayers were passing through her mind filling her with a divine hope and courage. How long she stood there she never knew: her thoughts were with the Unseen.

Half an hour later two men were rapidly rowing past Scarp when the gleam of white against the side of the cliff attracted their attention.

"Only the white wing of a gull," said one as he strained his eyes through the gathering gloom.

"I'm not so sure," said the other. "It seems to flutter out on the verge. No sea-gull flies in that way. We had better pull in, it may be a signal of distress."

"And who could fly it from the side of Scarp," laughed the other derisively. "Why there's not foothold there for a goat."

They pulled in, however, and shouted, but the echo from the cliff was their only response.

"My God, it is a woman," said one as they drew nearer, and, "'Tis Miss Sinclair," followed, for these were the two men who had watched Ethel and her father climbing the cliff.

"But how did she manage to reach this ledge?"

They lifted her gently into the boat, and forbore to ask questions—the girl's rapt look startled them. Fortunately they had a little brandy with them, and making her drink it they threw some warm rugs over her and bade her lie still until they reached the shore.

Then they took her to her father's house; her father who was rubbing his hands with triumph at the thought that he had that afternoon completed his treatise to his entire satisfaction.

It was hours before Ethel could give a connected account of that afternoon's terrible experiences. At first Mr. Sinclair could scarcely realize it—the whole prejudices of a lifetime were against it—but when next day Father Malcolm's dead body was washed ashore and the wail of a sorrowing people rose upon the air; and when the same evening the Professor

was admitted into the little church and looked upon the tranquil features of the priest, the saviour of his child, then the scales fell from his eyes, and rushing home he burnt his manuscript—his elaborate treatise against “vicarious sacrifice.”

Three months later, after due instruction, Ethel became a Catholic, and day after day she is to be seen, kneeling before the tabernacle in St. Agnes' Church, praying for the gray-haired man who sits silently at home and who is slowly working his way upwards to the light. A memorial window in the Lady chapel, erected by Mr. Sinclair, commemorates the sublime heroism of Father Malcolm, and hither the fisher-folk come, night after night, to pray for his soul—and for his blessing on their work.

TERESA HOARE.

*Rus in Urbe.*¹

9. STARLINGS.

LIKE a few other birds, the starling is securely established in the Temple of Letters, owing to the chance of a member of the family having had the luck to catch the fancy of one of the immortals. It was Sterne's Sentimental Traveller who finding the bird in a cage repeating over and over the few words which were all it knew, set them simply down, in a fashion the charm of which, if it cannot be analyzed, it is impossible to forget. "I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. 'I can't get out—I can't get out,' said the starling." That is all, but since it was written, the starling can no more get out of English literature than could this particular captive from the bars of its prison house.

A poor common-place sort of creature, many will say, to be so dignified, but one nevertheless that has various claims to distinction on his own account. In the first place the starling has family connexions of no ordinary splendour, for, in spite of the bewildering perplexities in which the task of constructing bird genealogies is entangled, it may safely be said that amongst the denizens of our clime he is the nearest of kin to those unrivalled magnificoes, the tropical birds of paradise. Neither does he show himself unworthy of his lineage, nor are the family tastes conspicuous in him by their absence. Those who regard him but incuriously and from afar, as most of those do who ever take notice of him at all, will no doubt pronounce him to be a vulgar little fowl, ungainly of figure and dingy of plumage. Only those who find means of making his closer acquaintance have any idea what a tremendous dandy he really is, being in fact one of our handsomest British birds, "his sable coat lustrous with reflections of purple and green, and every

¹ A series of eight articles, dealing under this general heading with various aspects of nature in London, appeared in the MONTH at various dates from December, 1894, to April, 1897.

feather tipped with white or cream-colour—a mantle of shot silk garnished with pearls ;” and his feathers have another title to consideration, being of great value to the angler to whom the hackles of the neck and the quills of the wing alike furnish materials for most seductive flies.

His faculty of speech, too, which so touched the susceptible heart of “Mr. Yorick,” is one that must needs secure attention and interest. Before navigators following in the wake of Columbus and Vasco da Gama brought parrots across the oceans to take his place, the starling was the representative feathered talker, and it was of him that Harry Hotspur instinctively thought when he proposed in his wrath to have a bird trained to repeat in Bolingbroke’s ear nothing but the obnoxious name of Mortimer, so to keep his anger still in motion. This would have been an even briefer lesson than Sterne’s friend had mastered, but others are reported as having accomplished tasks of far greater magnitude. Pliny tells of a starling that could talk both Latin and Greek, and in more recent times another is said to have spoken both German and Polish. How much either of these linguists could manage to say between the two languages is not stated, but we are told that another of their kind could repeat the whole of the Lord’s Prayer word for word ; but this was in learned Germany, where the genius of the soil may be supposed to affect feathered as well as featherless bipeds. A silly and cruel belief prevailed, at least till within recent years, that to talk properly a starling must have his tongue slit, and that this must be done, not with a vulgar piece of steel, but with “a silver sixpence.” This clearly dates back to the days of old, when silver coins were kept in circulation till they were worn so thin and sharp as to be qualified for cutting instruments, like the King William’s shillings rubbed smooth as glass by seventy years’ friction, which the same Mr. Yorick had in his pocket. If this rough piece of surgery be now forgotten, this is doubtless due, not to the spread of education—for superstitions of this kind die very hard—but to the improvements in our mint, which provides sixpences with which it would be obviously impossible to make any such attempt. The starling, moreover, can learn from others than human teachers, being an accomplished mimic, and prone even in a state of liberty to pick up the notes of birds most diverse in character,—amongst them, hawks, partridges, plovers, coots, gulls, and corncrakes, together with the crowing of the

farmyard chanticleer, and the cackle with which his partners announce to the world that they have laid an egg.

Apart from such performances as a mocking-bird, the starling boasts distinctive family-music of his own. His clear long-drawn whistle delivered from tree-top or house-top is among the welcome symptoms which herald the approach of Spring, while as for his subdued and somewhat lyre-like song, it is heard to most advantage when a company of the birds get together in a tree to give a morning or evening concert, as they are fond of doing in this month of September, the ripple of their voices resembling the babbling of running water amongst tinkling pebbles or harpers gently touching their harps. Amongst musical accomplishments must not be included the harsh strident notes of the bird when angry or alarmed, which are those most commonly heard, and which are fully developed by the nestlings in their earliest youth. So clamorous are these youngsters as to have suggested to Waterton that a brood of them in his domain must have seriously interfered with the diurnal slumbers of a family of screech owls whom they had for neighbours,—though the latter birds might not be supposed to be very fastidious as to the sweetness of sounds. The experiment being tried of placing a starling's egg in a water-ousel's nest, it was found that the foster-parents hatched it safely out, but when after a day or two the bantling began to scream for food after its own fashion, the effect of the uncouth sounds was to frighten the old ousels out of their wits, so that they abandoned the nest and left the whole brood to its fate; their own offspring along with the intruder.

It seems but in accordance with the fitness of things that a bird so quick to acquire the art of human speech, should be accustomed to frequent human society. Starlings are always of companionable disposition, not only assembling in flocks of their own when domestic cares do not stand in the way, but taking up with other gregarious birds, rooks, jackdaws, or peewits, when out on the forage. It appears to be mere dislike for anything approaching solitude that urges them thus to congregate, for beyond mere physical propinquity they do not seem to get any benefit from such companionship, nor to hold any sort of conversation with the other species, from whom they at once separate in their own formation when rising on the wing to fly with them elsewhere. It would appear rather that

food must be a good deal more difficult to obtain when all these comparatively big birds are looking for it too, and it is consequently not very obvious how this excess of sociability assists the starling in the struggle for existence of which we hear so much.

As to mankind, it is undoubtedly mere utilitarian motives of self-interest that attract the bird, but whatever they are they are singularly effectual, and lead him to penetrate the recesses of great cities where no others venture, save and except the indomitable sparrow. In the breeding season he has a wonderful instinct for discovering where to find a hole or crevice suitable for his domestic purposes, this being a point on which he is very particular and which largely governs all his arrangements. Waterton found by experiment that he could induce starlings to remain with him to almost any extent, by providing covered breeding-places according to their taste, for although they have been known to build nests exposed open to the sky, yet such instances may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand.

In London the bird finds all he wants, both supplies and accommodation, and consequently quarters himself freely upon the great city, every park and garden where there is a bit of grassy lawn being put under requisition, and spots unvisited even by robins or tomtits, being familiar to him. In such localities various gangs, larger or smaller according to the resources each affords, assiduously ply their daily quest, for the starling is distinguished amongst birds, as the mole among beasts, for a most insatiable appetite, to satisfy which is a task undertaken with all the seriousness it demands. Shambling over the grass, with great agility but not much grace, thrusting his awl-like bill well down into the turf, picking up every edible morsel which presents itself on the surface, or snapping at whatever comes too near him in the air, he loses no moment of his precious time, taking toll of everything, worm, grub, or insect, with an absorbing interest in his work which excludes all other. But though voracious he cannot be called greedy or selfish, for as he pays no attention to other birds similarly occupied, so he never bickers or quarrels with them, allowing thrushes, blackbirds, and wagtails perfect free-trade to make their own profit for themselves.

When the level sun gives warning that the working day is over, the foragers who have been thus dispersed, unite them-

selves in companies and make for the roosting-place which is their general rallying-point. Of these head-quarters there are several up and down for the various divisions of the great host—as the islands in St. James' Park, Regent's Park, Battersea Park, Finsbury Park, and the like.

The evening arrivals—which of course are earlier or later according to the time of year and length of day—are well worth watching. In mid-November, for example, the tattoo evidently sounds for them from a quarter before four till a quarter past, between which hours they come in, none earlier than the former or later than the latter. From all points of the horizon the birds arrive in parties varying from ten or twelve to thirty or forty each. Some of these approach at a moderate height from the ground, others high up in air, so as to escape observation till having got above their destined goal they drop down straight upon it, distributing themselves about in different trees amongst the general company, so that if their working partnerships are lasting, there must be a good deal to do in the morning in the way of sorting out the different contingents. It is labour enough for the evening to get all satisfactorily quartered for the night, which involves a good deal of bustle and scuffling, and occasionally considerable uproar—which finally settles into a grand palaver of chattering, all the birds talking at the same time and telling one another the adventures of the day before going to sleep.

In the country, where such musters are on a larger scale, the descent of the birds upon their dormitories sometimes resembles a shower of large black snowflakes, and things are lively when a body of new-comers endeavour to dispossess occupiers whose quarters they covet.

When these assemblies become overgrown—and they are said sometimes to amount to hundreds of thousands and even to millions—they become an intolerable nuisance, damaging and defiling everything, breaking and crushing under their weight valuable reed beds, reducing shrubberies to wildernesses, making game-coverts uninhabitable for pheasants, and in general contriving to alienate and exasperate even those naturally their friends, and turning them into bitter enemies. Consequently the resources of civilization have frequently been brought ruthlessly into play, guns and rockets being discharged into tree-tops to disturb the sleepers, and send them off with a roar of wings bewildered in the dark, or a heavy discharge from a

duck-gun cutting a lane through the horde as it rises from a reed bed, filling the air with a mist of their feathers, and slaughtering an incredible number of victims.

In London no such trouble is to be apprehended, nor does any practical interest attach to the question of the starling's moral character, which has been hotly debated elsewhere. There can, indeed, be no question that he renders inestimable services to man, by the enormous number of noxious grubs and insects he destroys, these forming undoubtedly the staple of his food, and his enormous appetite causing him to work immense havoc amongst them. He is also greatly appreciated by sheep, perched upon whose backs he regales himself on the objectionable parasites which infest and distress them. It has, moreover, been asserted by his more enthusiastic friends that there is nothing to be set against him on the other side of the account, and that he never touches fruit. This, however, is going rather too far. He will unquestionably eat wild fruits, elder-berries, rowan, or mountain-ash, berries, crowberries, and the like, which being so, it appears extremely improbable that he should from conscientious motives draw the line at garden fruits, and refrain from touching what is much more inviting. As a matter of fact, the weight of evidence is altogether against him on this point, and cherry-growers in particular describe him as a perfect terror. At the same time, there can be no question that, at the very worst, his depredations are insignificant in comparison with the good services he renders; and the fact that his cause has been defended, even by good and observant naturalists, seems to show that his misdemeanours are but occasional and exceptional. The still graver charge of cannibalism has likewise been preferred, a competent witness testifying that he has seen a starling purloin and devour new-born sparrows. Such an instance, however, appears to be almost unique,—and it may even be thought by some that if the starling confines himself to sparrows, no great fault need be found with him on this score.

As has been said, the starling's nest is placed almost invariably under cover of some sort, in some crevice or cranny of a building, or within the trunk of a tree. The amount of fuss that goes on over this business is prodigious; though the nest itself is a simple affair, requiring no labour to speak of, yet a pair of birds may sometimes be seen bustling and chattering in and out of the premises they have chosen, for

weeks before they bring in a single straw to commence operations. When the nest is ready, the eggs which are laid are of a pale uniform greenish blue, thus forming a curious exception to the general rule, that when they are to be laid in the dark nature thinks it superfluous to be at the pains of colouring eggs and leaves them pure white.

Though, as we saw in commencing, there are circumstances in which even a starling can't get out, there are few in which he can't get in wherever he has a mind. Some years ago the belfry of a small country chapel being much frequented by these birds for nesting purposes, and it being determined to evict them on account of the noise and litter they occasioned, wire-netting was spread over the openings through which they had been able to enter, as it was thought effectually excluding them. When spring came round again, however, it was found with astonishment that the colony was established as usual. Upon investigation it appeared that they had managed by climbing like monkeys up the bell-rope through the hole in which it worked, carrying in by this seemingly inadequate entrance both materials for their nests and food for their young. A pair of sparrows had also learned from their example to do the like, which they would certainly not have discovered for themselves—so that the starling would seem to add to his other accomplishments the character of what is now termed an educationist.

RURICOLA.

A Miser's Hoard.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Georges de Santenay had taken his leave, M. Raclot reflected that he had plenty of time to interview his daughter, so he went off to his property at the Noues, to count once more the head of cattle he had grazing there.

Winter was at hand, with its snow and frost ; the grass, still green, would soon disappear, so he had to think of selling very soon his sleek cattle which he would replace by lean oxen in the spring-time.

During this inspection, he gave scarcely a thought to his daughter, his mind being fixed on the calculation, that on a hundred head of oxen, he would realize a profit of over fifteen thousand francs.

Then he went round to the Courant farm, and it was dark when he returned to the *château*.

On asking for his daughter, he was informed that Mademoiselle Marthe was still in the *salon*. Making up his mind to speak to her, and as though suspecting the truth, he felt anything but elated at the idea of an interview.

Marthe was no longer in tears, she had had time to recover from the terrible trial she had passed through, and to strengthen herself further in her determination, so she was to all appearance perfectly calm, when her father addressed her :

"Good evening, Marthe."

"Good evening, father," she replied.

It is strange she says nothing, thought Raclot to himself. He drew near the window, pretended to be looking outside, arranged a couple of chairs, endeavouring the while to compose his countenance. Finally he sat down.

"Well, Marthe, have you anything new to tell me?"

The young girl looked at him.

"So you have made up your mind to refuse M. Georges de Santenay?"

"Yes, father."

"And you do not want to marry?"

"That is so, father."

"Between ourselves, I may tell you, Marthe, you have waited too long; you ought to have told this young man sooner to cease his visits to Aubécourt."

"You are quite right, father."

"Had you told me before the proclamation of the banns, less harm would have been done."

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly, engagements are broken every day. Young girls are quite right in reflecting, and saying to themselves: Well! after all, I do not intend to marry! This poor young man has left the house in a pitiable condition, and I should not be astonished in the least were he to fall ill in consequence. All the same, you managed the affair pretty well, and you may be sure he will not return. For my part, I was in favour of this marriage simply because you wished it; since you have changed your opinion I am again on your side. A father is never very anxious to see another man come and take his daughter away from him. You are quite right, Marthe, after all, not to marry, for how could you be happier than you are here?"

The young girl listened quietly, though she needed all the will and energy she could command to keep calm.

"It appears, Marthe, that you would not tell this young man why you changed so suddenly?"

"Quite true, father, I gave him no explanation."

"That is the reason he behaved so strangely. You were right not to give him your reasons, for reasons are sometimes not very pleasant to listen to. However, you can explain matters to me."

"Certainly, father."

"Well."

"After considerable reflection I said to myself that this marriage portion of fifty thousand francs you were to give me, according to promise, was a large sum; that you might have some difficulty in procuring it, and that my marriage might cause you pecuniary troubles for the rest of your life."

"Ah! you thought so, did you?"

"Yes, father. Of course there are fathers who, when their daughters marry, give them fifty thousand francs, a hundred thousand francs, or even more, but such parents are rich. You,

father, are a peasant, though you live in a *château*, and, as I am not altogether ignorant, I am well aware that a peasant, even though possessing landed property, has no money."

"That is quite true."

"In short, father, I could not bear the thought that you were about to deprive yourself for my sake, and, as I say, it is after mature reflection, that I have determined never to marry."

"Then that is the whole reason?"

"Yes, father."

"Hum! hum!"

"I mean just what I say, father."

"Yes, yes, I know; you are a most thoughtful girl, and such sentiments do you credit."

He continued hypocritically:

"Doubtless fifty thousand francs is an enormous sum, and as you say, Marthe, though the peasant may have land, he has no money. All the same, as I had in view nothing but your happiness, I was ready to submit to this heavy sacrifice; one must do all one can, more than one can even, for an only daughter, and I would have found some way out of the difficulty and given you the dowry without a murmur."

"But I did not want my father to sacrifice himself for me."

"Hum! To that I have no reply to make."

"Consequently, father, I shall never marry."

"Never?"

"Never, father, never!"

"Are you quite determined on that course?"

"Yes, nothing on earth would change me."

"You are quite right, Marthe, and I heartily approve of your determination; marriage is not such a glorious career after all, it brings in its train cares of every kind, and indeed, when a young girl is happy at home, I see no reason why she should run the enormous risk of ceasing to be so. Now you will continue to live quietly with me, Marthe!"

"I beg your pardon, father, but such is not my intention."

"Ha! What do you mean?"

"I mean that I shall leave you to-morrow."

"You surely cannot be in earnest?"

"I am, father, very much in earnest."

"And where do you wish to go?"

"To the town."

"What will you do there?"

"Work, earn my own living."

"Work, earn your own living! Are you mad?"

"Not at all, father."

"Work! . . . But there is nothing you can do!"

"You forget that I hold a teacher's certificate."

"And you wish——"

"I wish to be a teacher. You have worked, father, so did my mother; now it is my turn. I am not a young lady, I am only a peasant's daughter, and when I see all the young girls of Aubécourt working, going out into the fields, I am ashamed of myself."

"The Aubécourt girls are accustomed to going into the fields, whilst you——"

"True, father, I could not drive the plough, or dig up the ground, but the fact that I am incapable of such work does not free me from other obligations. We are born to work, everyone ought to produce according to his strength and fitness, and I am ashamed of doing nothing."

"But you are not idle, Marthe; all the time you have been at home you have never been without some needlework or other in your hand."

"Such occupations as embroidery and tapestry-making cannot be called working."

"No matter, if I am pleased."

"But I am not pleased."

"Marthe, I am not rich—rich as certain people count riches; but then I am not poor either; I have a nice little income, you need not be anxious, for here you will never lack anything."

"I quite believe you, father, but I do not wish to become a burden to you."

"You are not a burden at all, Marthe."

"I repeat, father, you and mother have worked a great deal, and I must do the same; the sweetest bread one eats is that which one has earned, and, as I am a teacher, I wish to practise my profession."

"So you are quite bent on this step?"

"Yes, father."

"Then I can only comply with your wishes. You intend to leave to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Do you expect to find a situation at once?"

"I hope so."

"This seems to me a very rash action you are contemplating, Marthe."

"Nothing of the kind, father."

"Well, you will need some money; how much shall I give you?"

"Nothing."

"What! Nothing?"

"Do not be anxious about me; I shall manage very well."

"I understand, you will go straight to the convent."

"Such is my intention. I need not conceal from you that I rely upon the Sisters keeping me, and entrusting to my charge a class of young girls."

"And suppose you find you have been mistaken in trusting to them?"

"The Order has several other boarding establishments in France, and I could be sent to one or the other of them. Anyhow, wherever I may go, I beg of you, father, not to inform any one either of the resolution I have made, or of the place where I am going."

"That I can promise you, but I suppose you will come to see me from time to time?"

"I shall often think of you, but I cannot say whether or not I shall be able to come and see you."

"You mean by this that I have no longer a daughter," murmured Monsieur Raclot in accents of emotion, whether real or feigned it was impossible to tell.

The young girl said nothing. After supper she mounted to her room, and immediately descended, her jewel-casket in her hand.

"What is that?" asked Raclot.

The young girl opened the casket. Raclot gazed in astonishment at his daughter, who replied:

"Father, I do not know the value of these jewels you have been good enough to give me, but I look upon them as too dainty for the career I am about to embrace; a teacher has no need of jewels, and is indeed far better without them. Will you therefore please take them back?"

M. Raclot looked at his daughter in bewilderment.

"Very well!" he stammered. "I will keep them for you until later on."

The usurer had another surprise in store for him. The

following morning, when Marthe came to bid him good-bye, he noticed that she had nothing but a small valise with her.

"Where are your dresses and all your linen?" he asked.

"The linen I have here will be sufficient for me," replied the young girl. "I will leave the dresses, as they will be of no service to me; in the convent I shall be dressed like the other Sisters."

Thereupon she kissed her father and left the room. The *château* was soon left behind, one would have said she was anxious to place as great a distance as possible between herself and the accursed dwelling. But before leaving Aubécourt for an indefinite period of time, perhaps for ever, she wished to bid good-bye to her old nurse. The old woman was busily engaged in housework.

"What! You again, my dear child, so soon!" exclaimed the peasant-woman.

"In a moment I must take the coach. I simply wanted to bid you good-bye before leaving."

"That is very kind of you, my little Marthe; so you are going down to town?"

"Yes, at first; then perhaps a longer journey."

"And when will you be back again?"

"Perhaps never."

The old nurse gave a start of surprise.

"I don't think I quite understand you, Marthe. What was it you said?"

"I said, my dear nurse, that I was leaving home, and perhaps I shall never return."

"No! No! My dear child, you are joking!"

"Not in the least, nurse. I am quite serious."

"Impossible! . . . And your marriage?"

"It is all at an end, nurse. I do not intend to marry."

"Ah! What is that you say?"

"Nothing but the simple truth."

The poor old nurse sat motionless for a few moments, then, springing to her feet, she flung her arms round the young girl and said:

"You are leaving the district because. . . . You have broken off the marriage because. . . . Ah! I cannot explain. Yesterday, when I asked you what you intended to do, you said that I should soon discover. So this is what you were meditating, and I am the cause of it all. Ah! Marthe!"

The poor creature burst into bitter tears.

"Come, nurse, you must not take it so to heart ; you have no grounds for accusing yourself in any way, for you merely confirmed what I already knew. Before coming to speak to you my mind was already made up. But if you love me, nurse, and do not wish to give me pain, you will speak to no one of what has passed between us. I do not want any one to know that I am acquainted with my father's unworthy actions, or why Marthe Raclot will not marry Georges de Santenay. If the gossips say that the Santenay family discovered how my father made his wealth, and consequently that Georges would not marry Marthe Raclot, I forbid you to make any attempt to contradict such a statement or to defend me in any way."

"Marthe, what have you told your father?"

"That I was determined to work for my own living."

"Did you mention to him that I had told you anything?"

"No."

"And he will permit you to leave in this way?"

"He cannot help it; besides, he is accustomed to living alone, and whatever affection he had for me will not cause him much suffering."

"And what did you tell M. Georges de Santenay?"

"Simply that I did not wish to marry."

"And this reply satisfied him?"

"He was obliged to be satisfied with it."

"Do you not love him, Marthe?"

"Not another word, nurse," said the poor girl, in broken accents. "I adore Georges. The love I feel for him gives me a strength I did not think I possessed, making every sacrifice easy for me."

"Poor child!"

"The only thing I ask of God is that I may die in his love."

The old woman looked up at the young girl with mingled respect and admiration, exclaiming:

"What a noble girl you are, Marthe! Had you been willing to stay here, you would have been a veritable blessing to the whole district, and now you are leaving us! . . . My darling child, whatever will you do?"

"I must not tell you."

"Where do you intend to go?"

"That question I cannot answer either; I will go wherever God sends me."

At that moment the rumbling of the coach-wheels was heard in the street, accompanied by a tinkling of bells. After a final embrace, Marthe took her departure, saying :

"Good-bye, my dear nurse! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my darling child!" replied the poor old woman.

When Marthe was already far away from the house, the peasant-woman might still have been seen on the threshold, tears streaming down her cheeks.

It seemed to the poor creature that a part of herself was being taken away, that her very soul had vanished into the unknown. Perhaps death would come soon; she thought, as she murmured to herself :

"The child of my heart has left me! I shall never see her again in this world!"

Three or four of the neighbours had witnessed the young girl's leave-taking. In astonishment they watched Marthe as she drove away.

One of them, bolder than the rest, drew near the old nurse, and asked :

"What is the matter? Mademoiselle Raclot seemed very sad. Where is she going?"

"She did not tell me."

"I heard her say : Good-bye."

"Very likely ; there is nothing astonishing in that."

"Why did she look so sad?"

"I did not notice anything unusual."

"Come! come! Do not make mysteries of mere trifles. There are tears in your own eyes this very moment!"

Thereupon, wishing to cut short all further questions, the old peasant-woman unceremoniously entered the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Marthe reached the convent, dressed in one of her former school-girl gowns, she asked to be permitted to speak at once to the Lady Superior. There was immediately a great stir among the Sisters.

Evidently something out of the ordinary had happened ; Sisters Angèle and Léodadie imagined some mishap or other had befallen their dear friend.

They ran for the Lady Superior, who ordered that

Mademoiselle Raclot should be shown at once to her room. She immediately noticed the simple dress of the rich peasant's daughter, and her surprise gave way to a vague uneasiness.

"Take a seat, my child," she said, pointing to a chair, "and tell me what has brought you here. From your appearance, I see that something very serious has happened. Speak, tell me everything."

"Mother," replied Marthe in a voice trembling with emotion, "this morning I left Aubécourt for a long absence, and I have come to ask you for shelter."

"What is this you are telling me, my dear child?"

"For reasons which I will unfold to you, as it is my duty to give you my entire confidence, I have informed my father and Monsieur Georges de Santenay that I intend never to marry."

"What!" exclaimed the Lady Superior, more astonished than ever.

"When you know why I have taken so serious a step, you may judge my conduct and tell me whether I am right or wrong."

Then the young girl related the conversation of the two men she had overheard, the visit to her nurse, and the ensuing revelations which had fully confirmed the terrible news of the previous night. She explained how she had suffered, thinking of her father's unfortunate victims; she spoke of the grief she had caused Georges de Santenay, and of her own unhappy lot.

"All the same," she added, "I succeeded in keeping to my determination. Before Georges, however, I had a momentary hesitation, my heart was almost breaking, but God sustained me in my trial, and I have sacrificed all promised joys, and hopes of happiness, to obey my conscience which whispered: 'This is your duty! Do it!'"

The Lady Superior sat silent for several moments, her eyes fixed on the beautiful young girl with an ineffable expression of tenderness and pity.

"My dear child," she said at length, "I am very much grieved by what you have just told me. Your conduct cannot be blamed in the least; but then, my poor Marthe, have you not been too cruel towards yourself? Ah! Marthe, you are not only strong and courageous, you are a real heroine! Doubtless your father has acted with great cruelty, his misdeeds are to be condemned for they are crimes in the eyes of God, but you, my

child, are innocent, and can in no way be made responsible for Monsieur Raclot's extortions."

Marthe shook her head.

"The curse which strikes the father," she replied, "recoils on the daughter. The victims are crying for vengeance!"

"And so you wish to offer yourself as a sacrifice. Great and sublime as it would be, my child, do you think that the God of justice and goodness would accept it? If it were so, the innocent would suffer punishment for the guilty. Marthe, I have long known how delicate are your feelings, and I cannot but approve your true instincts. Knowing that your father's fortune had been wrongly acquired, you could not accept the dower he was to give you, nor could you any longer eat at his table. I understand also why you returned to Monsieur Raclot the jewels he bought for you, why you returned the money he offered you yesterday, and why you are here so poorly clad. Still, my child, you love Monsieur Georges de Santenay and he loves you in return, and God, the protector and defender of the innocent, does not demand of you the sacrifice of your happiness. It is quite right that you should receive nothing at the hands of Monsieur Raclot, still, instead of simply saying to Monsieur Georges, 'I do not wish to marry,' you might have informed him of the position in which you found yourself. Georges de Santenay, noble in heart and sentiment like yourself, would have understood, and I am convinced that the general, like his son, capable of appreciating all that is beautiful and good, would have found you sufficiently rich in nobility of character."

"Alas!" said Marthe sadly, "I should have been obliged to reveal the whole truth to Monsieur Georges."

"Certainly, the whole truth."

"Could I constitute myself my father's accuser?" asked Marthe. "Besides, as the daughter of the peasant who has enriched himself by usury and other criminal and hateful practices, I do not look upon myself as worthy of Monsieur Georges de Santenay. Between the honour of the Santenay family and the ignominy now attaching to my father's name, there is a wide gulf! No, honour does not ally itself with shame and disgrace! Under such circumstances, the only thing I could say to Monsieur Georges was: 'I cannot marry; forget me!'"

As she finished speaking, Marthe burst into tears.

"My poor dear child!" murmured the Superior compassionately. After a short silence, she continued :

"Your logic is terribly correct, my dear Marthe ; it explains your scruples, and I must render homage to the justice of your reasoning. Weep, Marthe, these tears will bring with them relief."

"How wretched I feel !" sobbed the poor child.

"I quite understand, but here you will find that sympathetic words of consolation will not be lacking, and the shelter you came to seek is already yours."

"Oh ! how can I thank you, my Mother ?"

"By making no attempt to do so. Still I should like to know something of your plans, Marthe."

"Oh, I would not be a burden on any one ; I am determined to work, to make myself useful."

"Very good. What would you like to do ?"

"Thanks to the instruction here received, I have obtained my teacher's certificate. I should like to devote myself to the service of God and of education at the same time. If there is not a class of small girls here, which might be entrusted to my charge, I thought that on your recommendation, dear Mother, I might possibly be placed in one of the sister establishments. To-morrow I should like to wear a novice's dress and prepare myself for taking the veil as soon as I am found worthy."

"My dear child," replied the Lady Superior, "there is a class of young pupils here which you may teach, so that we shall have you again with us, and you shall wear a novice's dress. With regard to the taking of the veil, Marthe, that is another matter, for there is nothing to prove that you have a call to serve God in this manner. To enter the religious life and pronounce life-long vows, one must have a vocation. There are sacrifices God does not accept. He wants hearts devoted exclusively to Him, and you, my daughter, have already given your heart to another. We will prolong your novitiate for some time. Come, my child, something tells me that those beautiful tresses of yours shall never be shorn away in front of the sanctuary."

Marthe bowed her head, whilst tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Mother !" she exclaimed, flinging herself on her knees, "give me your blessing !"

The aged nun took the young girl's head between her hands,

kissed her on the forehead, and said in a voice quivering with emotion :

"I give you my blessing, child ; but far more is yours, for you have been blessed by God Himself!"

Then she added in gentle but authoritative tones :

"Rise, Marthe, and dry your tears."

She herself rose and rang a bell. Almost immediately a young Sister made her appearance.

"My child," said the Lady Superior, "in a few moments our pupils will come for recreation. Tell Sister Angèle to have all our Sisters summoned to the reception hall, and when they are assembled, return here."

The young Sister bowed and withdrew. After a few minutes, the tinkling of a bell announced the breaking-up of class, and shortly afterwards the Sister reappeared.

"Mother," she said, "our Sisters are assembled in the reception hall."

Thereupon the Lady Superior, turning to Marthe, said :

"Come with me, my child, I will take you to the others."

Eighteen Dominican nuns were assembled, all standing ; not a word was uttered, though rapid glances were exchanged.

Evidently some grave communication was about to be made them regarding Marthe, who they knew had been engaged in conversation with the Lady Superior.

When the latter entered the hall, holding Marthe by the hand, all the Sisters bowed their heads.

"My dear Sisters," said the Lady Superior, "for several reasons, which it is not necessary to mention, Mademoiselle Marthe Raclot has abandoned the marriage which, within a few days, was to unite her to Monsieur Georges de Santenay, as you are all aware. Mademoiselle Raclot has an ardent desire to consecrate herself to God, and to devote herself, like all of you, my dear Sisters, to the education of the young girls committed to our care. She has manifested a wish to return amongst us, and make her novitiate here, forming one of the teaching staff, for which duties she is fully qualified."

Sister Angèle, who, like the Lady Superior, held Marthe in special affection, began to weep, well aware that some serious and painful event must have intervened to prevent the marriage. Some of the other nuns also could not restrain their tears.

Turning to one of the youngest nuns, the Lady Superior continued :

"Sister Louise, there are at present thirty-five pupils in your class, which we have formed into three divisions. From to-morrow, Mademoiselle Raclot will take the sixth class with you. After a few days, we will arrange for a seventh class formed of the second and third divisions of the sixth, and consisting of twenty pupils."

After the Lady Superior had finished, Sister Angèle requested and obtained permission for herself and the other Sisters to embrace their old friend. Then, before the bell had summoned the nuns and pupils to the refectory, the Lady Superior conducted Marthe into the small room which was henceforth to be her own.

A few days later, Marthe was wearing the garb of the novices of the Order of St. Dominic.

CHAPTER IX.

IN Aubécourt and the neighbouring district, scandal was rife. As Marthe had guessed, there was no hesitation on the part of the gossips in saying that the marriage had been broken off because General de Santenay and his son had at last learned the truth about Mathurin Raclot.

And as there are not lacking those who substitute inventions and lies for information, it was bruited abroad that the old general, on hearing of the usurer's rascalities, had burst into a fit of passion, which was succeeded by a severe attack of gout.

The termination of each fresh scandal was always the same :

"After all, Monsieur Georges de Santenay could never marry the daughter of such a sordid miser as old Raclot !"

Then also Marthe had suddenly left the neighbourhood. Could she stay in Aubécourt after such a catastrophe ? No, there could be nothing for her to do except go and hide herself somewhere or other.

Where had she gone ? Opinions were divided, some maintained that she had set out for Paris, where she would easily console herself by a life of pleasure in the gay capital. Others had no hesitation in affirming that the daughter of this old rascal Raclot, enraged at seeing the marriage broken off, had run away with the principal clerk of Monsieur Rousselet, the notary.

The clerk had been in the habit of going to the *château* to confer with Monsieur Raclot, and on two or three occasions he had been seen speaking to Marthe. This of course meant nothing whatever, but what might give a certain verisimilitude to such monstrous suppositions was the fact that the clerk had left M. Rousselet's office without saying where he was going, on the eve of the very day on which Marthe had left Aubécourt.

Of course, such tales were not generally believed, but the poor girl was none the less slandered and reviled.

The old nurse listened to the idle tales of one and the gossip of another. Indignant and furious, she fumed at not being able to take vengeance on all these foolish chatterers who gave utterance to the coarsest insults against the young girl.

But had not Marthe ordered her to let people talk, and to refrain from undertaking her defence?

Ah! could she only have spoken in Marthe's favour! They might say whatever they wished of M. Raclot, but to speak disrespectfully of Marthe, to defile with scandal as they were doing the child she had reared in her own arms, that she could never forgive!

And yet she was forced to keep silence, and by such silence appeared to side with all these slanderers! She was continually wondering how Marthe was passing her time, though well aware how great was the affection the Dominican nuns entertained towards their former pupil. Mother Langier was indulgent and kind, no feeling of hate had hitherto entered her breast; but now, as she thought of M. Raclot, there were kindled in her heart sentiments of wrath she could no longer control.

General de Santenay and his daughter had been horror-struck on learning that Mademoiselle Raclot, without giving any motive, had distinctly declared to Georges that she would not marry.

The general considered Marthe's conduct in the matter very strange, but he thought, as did also his son, that the young girl could not have come to such a resolution without being urged by very strong motives. Unfortunately, Georges loved Mademoiselle Raclot, and M. de Santenay suffered at seeing his son's despair.

But what could he say? The general did not even feel that he had the right to blame Marthe's conduct. Mathilde wept bitterly over her disappointment, whilst M. de Santenay did his best to soothe his son's grief and raise his spirits.

Mademoiselle Lormeau was immediately informed of the event. She hastened at once to the general, raging violently against this little country girl who had dared to offer such an insult to her nephew. Infamous! Marthe must surely be utterly abandoned to act in this way.

"She is pretty and well-educated," she said, "but then, she is only old Raclot's daughter. My nephew did Mademoiselle Raclot too great an honour in wishing her to become Madame de Santenay. This is the result of becoming too familiar with such people!"

Mademoiselle Lormeau was crimson with rage, and roundly rebuked her niece when the latter made a feeble attempt to defend her friend.

"It is you, Mathilde, who are the cause of it all," she said. "You have forgotten that you belong to the Santenay family. A young girl of your rank never becomes intimate with a peasant's daughter; on the contrary, she knows how to keep such persons at a distance. One should never be familiar with any except one's equals."

The general intervened, and succeeded in calming the old lady's wrath.

"Then not another word about Mademoiselle Raclot," she said. "We may thank Heaven that fortunately there is no lack of marriageable young girls; without seeking far, we shall find some one less hard to please than old Raclot's daughter. With his name and position, leaving all else out of the reckoning, Georges de Santenay's only difficulty will be on whom to fix his choice."

One day—it was a Saturday—Georges was called on by one of the district road surveyor's agents, who lived at Aubécourt. After dealing with the different business matters entrusted to him, the young engineer, after a slight hesitation, asked the agent if he ever heard anything concerning Monsieur and Mademoiselle Raclot.

"Monsieur Raclot is quite well, sir, as usual; one would almost be tempted to believe that he grows younger. As for Mademoiselle Raclot, I cannot say whether she is in good health or not, for she has left Aubécourt."

"She has left Aubécourt, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then where is she?"

"No one knows."

"When did she leave Aubécourt?"

"She left when it became known in the district that her marriage was broken off."

The young man was trembling with agitation.

"And no one knows where Mademoiselle Raclot has gone?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"To what cause do they attribute her departure?"

"Mademoiselle Raclot is supposed to have left Aubécourt from vexation at seeing her marriage broken off."

"Indeed! That's what they say?"

"Well! They say lots of things besides. For instance, you are highly praised for having withdrawn, for everybody was amazed to think that Monsieur Georges de Santenay could marry the daughter of a man whose reputation is one of the worst not only in Aubécourt but throughout the whole district."

Georges might have said to his subordinate that it was not his own fault that the marriage had not taken place, but rather that Mademoiselle Raclot had willed it so, but he did not consider it necessary to deceive the agent.

"Then Monsieur Raclot has a very bad reputation?" he asked.

"I have nothing to relate on that matter, sir."

The young man did not insist; certain questions he could not put to his subordinate.

"In spite of everything," he said, "I am still interested in Mademoiselle Raclot, and what you have just said has stimulated my curiosity. It would not be a matter of indifference to me to know what people say of Mademoiselle Marthe's departure."

"All kinds of comments have been made, sir, but nothing certain is known, everything is idle supposition. Among other things, it is alleged that Monsieur Bertillon, Monsieur Rousselet's clerk, has carried off Mademoiselle Raclot and that they are now in Paris."

"Ah!" exclaimed Georges, his hand pressed against his heart.

"This is nothing more than simple conjecture, sir. Still, it appears the notary's clerk made love to Mademoiselle Marthe; several times they have been caught speaking to one another. Finally, as M. Bertillon left Aubécourt at the same time as

Mademoiselle Raclot, and without any one knowing why or where he has gone, it is supposed there was an understanding between the young girl and himself, and his disappearance is accounted for by saying that he has left with Mademoiselle Raclot."

Georges suffered greatly, though he did not allow any trace of what was passing in his mind to appear; and, having already heard too much, he dismissed the other.

Left to himself, he groaned heavily, pressed his head between his hands, and remained long absorbed in gloomy and dismal reflections.

It was terrible to think that Marthe whom he had so loved, for whom he had sacrificed everything, should have odiously deceived him in this way. Instead of repelling such thoughts, he welcomed the calumny; he no longer reasoned, the fury of his jealousy blinded him.

And yet the agent had affirmed nothing; from what was merely supposition, Georges, without pity for either Marthe or himself, wished to know the truth.

Marthe had never loved him, and she was all falsehood and hypocrisy. Ah! How she had concealed her evil disposition! The reason for which she had at first consented to marry him was to satisfy her vanity and pride! All the time she was smiling on him and bewitching him with her lying looks and words, she was listening to the ardent vows of another. This notary's clerk had said to her: "Be mine, not the wife of another;" and she had listened to him. To himself, Georges de Santenay, she had said: "I do not wish to marry!"

Such were Georges' thoughts. Poor fellow! For him the veil of the mystery seemed to have been torn away; at length he had an explanation of the young girl's words, an explanation he had hitherto sought in vain.

"Now," he said to himself, "I shall be able to forget her!"

The following day he rose early, and at ten o'clock called on his father. Since his visits to Aubécourt had ceased, he spent his Sundays with his father and sister. Mademoiselle Lormeau often chose this day for visiting her brother-in-law. This particular Sunday she called on M. de Santenay almost at the same hour as the young engineer.

Georges appeared more anxious and sombre than usual. His aunt gently took him to task on what she called his want

of energy and will power. "Come, my dear nephew," she said, "we must, at least, submit to the inevitable."

After luncheon, whilst taking coffee, Georges, who could not banish from his mind the image of Marthe, suddenly said to his sister :

"Mathilde, I have something to tell you, which will astonish you as much as it did me."

"What is this great news, Georges?"

"Mademoiselle Marthe Raclot is no longer at Aubécourt. She has left her father without warning, and no one in Aubécourt knows where she has gone."

"How long has she been away?"

"If I have been rightly informed, Mademoiselle Raclot left the day after my last visit to the Château d'Aubécourt."

Mathilde sat for a moment in silence.

"And you say no one knows where Marthe has gone?"

"No one."

"All the same, it is not very difficult to guess. There is only one place where she could have gone."

"And where is that?"

"To the nuns."

"Very possibly," said her brother coldly.

"Georges," put in the general, "like your sister, everything inclines me to believe that Marthe has left her father for the same reason as she left you."

Georges made no allusion to the scandal current in Aubécourt.

"No doubt Mademoiselle Raclot has her reasons, but what are they?"

"Some day we shall know them, father," said Mathilde.

"Yes," added the aunt; "and I will undertake to make serious investigation into the matter. Not long ago I made the acquaintance of the Monniers, who married their only daughter to M. Rousselet, notary of Aubécourt. They have asked me to a small family gathering on the occasion of their twenty-fifth year of marriage, their silver wedding in fact. Here I shall see M. Rousselet whom I do not yet know, and it is on him I shall rely for information. When you wish to know anything apply to the notary of the place. Don't you think I am right, general?"

"Certainly," replied the general.

"And I," said Mathilde, "will go to town with you, and find out whether Marthe has returned to the convent or not."

(To be continued.)

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Jesuit "Consult" of April 24th, 1678.

RECENT discussions concerning the "Popish Plot" have directed attention to the fact that the Jesuits held a Provincial Congregation in London, at the above date, which became in the hands of Titus Oates a treasonable "Consult," at which it was resolved to kill King Charles II. Although this account of the matter is now ridiculed by every man of sense, there are probably very many who desire information as to what really did happen at this mysterious assembly. Such natural curiosity we are now able to gratify, having fortunately obtained a literal transcript of the minutes drawn up in ordinary course during the proceedings of the Congregation by one of its members as its official Secretary, and duly forwarded to Rome by the hands of the Proctor elected on the occasion. This original having luckily been preserved,¹ we are enabled to examine the account prepared for the information of the General of the Society several months before Oates appeared on the scene, and whilst he was still pursuing his studies amongst school-boys at St. Omers.

Of the nature of the proceedings thus disclosed readers will of course form their own opinion, and must be left to do so, with the addition only of such notes as may serve to explain what might otherwise be unintelligible. It is to be remembered that such Provincial Congregations are held according to rule triennially in each Province of the Society, and were actually so held elsewhere, as in England, in the year 1678. Their object is three-fold—(i) To elect a Proctor, or envoy, to be sent to Rome, there to take part with those similarly deputed by other Provinces, in a "Procuratorial Congregation," under the presidency of the General, to discuss the state of the Society, and in particular the observance of religious discipline. (ii) To decide whether the convocation of a General Congregation of the Order be advisable. (iii) To lay before the General any

¹ It is now in the library of the College of Exaten, Holland.

matters concerning which his decision or co-operation is desired. The nature of such petitions will be sufficiently understood from those which we shall see presently.

The right of sitting and voting in a Provincial Congregation, belongs to Rectors of Colleges, the Procurator (or business manager) of the Province, and as many Professed Fathers, according to seniority of profession, as are required to make up the total of forty members, to which such Congregations are restricted. In the Congregation itself all are placed in order of seniority of profession.

Those to whom this right of suffrage belongs, may claim exemption from attendance, on the ground of age, infirmity, or other such impediment. Such pleas, however, are not held valid until they are approved by the votes of the Provincial and a Committee composed of members about to take part in the proceedings.

In the list of Fathers who attended the Congregation in question, which is evidently of great importance and interest, since so many were commonly known in those troubled times by *aliases* rather than their true names, it has seemed advisable to supply the latter as far as possible, the principal source of information on this head being Foley's *Collectanea*.

As is well-known, the place of meeting was St. James' Palace, then occupied by the recently-converted Duke of York. The mode of procedure as described in these Acts, and the character of the business transacted, are precisely similar in all respects to what obtains on similar occasions at the present day. The original Acts are written, as always, in Latin. In the English version here presented care has been taken to secure all possible accuracy.

J. G.

ACTS OF THE ENGLISH PROVINCIAL CONGREGATION, S.J., CONVOKED IN LONDON FOR THE 24th OF APRIL, O.S., OR 4th OF MAY, N.S., 1678.

On the day appointed, those Fathers assembled who had the right of suffrage, whether by order of seniority, or in virtue of their offices, or the legitimate exemption of others their seniors, whose impediments the Rev. Fr. Provincial had discussed in a previous consultation, and ratified according to the majority of votes.

Here follows the Catalogue of those present at the Congregation, with the order in which they sat and voted.¹

- | | |
|--|---|
| * Rev. Fr. Thomas Harcott, ^(a) | * Fr. Frans. Simons. ⁽ⁱ⁾ |
| <i>Provincial.</i> | * — William Harcott. ^(m) |
| * Fr. Francis Neville. ^(b) | — Francis Metham. |
| — Thomas Farmer. | — Anthony Hunter. |
| — William Howard. ^(c) | — John Keynes. |
| — John Parker, Sen. ^(d) | — Francis Pole. ⁽ⁿ⁾ |
| — John Lovell. | — Francis Eure, ^(o) <i>Rect. Stafford</i> |
| * — Francis Parker. ^(e) | <i>dist.</i> |
| — John Parker, Jun. | * — Edw. Harvey. ^(p) |
| — Ralph Emerson. | — Richard Rivers. |
| — Richd. Strange. | — Willm. Morgan. |
| * — William Waring. ^(f) | — Francis. Waldegrave, <i>Rect.</i> |
| — William Tunstall. | <i>Lancashire dist.</i> |
| — William Marsh, ^(g) <i>Rector,</i> | * — Anthony Turner. ^(q) |
| <i>Ghent.</i> | — Basil Langworth, <i>Rect. Suffolk</i> |
| — Thomas Thomson. | <i>dist.</i> |
| — John Throgmorton. | — Edward Spencer, ^(r) <i>Rector</i> |
| — John Simcocks. ^(h) | <i>Hampshire dist.</i> |
| — John Plotts, ⁽ⁱ⁾ <i>Rector, Derby</i> | — John Warner, <i>Rector, Liege.</i> |
| <i>dist.</i> | * — William Ireland, ^(s) <i>Procurator</i> |
| — Charles Palmer. | <i>of the Province.</i> |
| * — Charles Baker ^(j) <i>Rector,</i> | — Francis Williams, <i>Rector,</i> |
| <i>S. Wales dist.</i> | <i>Watten.</i> |
| * — Thomas Mumford. ^(k) | * — Thomas Jennison, ^(t) <i>Vice-</i> |
| — John Cary. | <i>Rector, Lincoln dist.</i> |
| — Edw. Cuffaud. | |

^(a) One of the "Five Jesuits" executed June 20, 1679, O.S. His true name was Whitebread or Whitbread.

^(b) Vere Cotton. Died at hands of pursuivants, Feb. 1679.

^(c) Vere Gage. ^(d) Vere Heaton.

^(e) Died abroad of his hardships, May 20, 1679.

^(f) One of the "Five Jesuits." Vere Barrow. Arraigned and executed under his alias of Harcourt.

^(g) Or March. ^(h) Alias, or vere, Manners.

⁽ⁱ⁾ Otherwise "Pletsius."

^(j) Vere David Lewis. Executed at Usk, March 28, 1679.

^(k) Vere Downes. Died in the Gatehouse, December 21, 1678.

^(l) Vere Bruning. Died of hardships, June 26, 1680.

^(m) Vere Aylworth. He was specially named by Oates and hotly pursued, but escaped to the Continent, where he died of fatigue and exhaustion.

⁽ⁿ⁾ Or, Poole. ^(o) Or, Every.

^(p) Vere Mico. Died in Newgate, December 3, 1678.

^(q) One of the "Five Jesuits," executed at Tyburn.

^(r) Vere Petre. Afterwards the Counsellor of James II.

^(s) Executed at Tyburn, Feb. 3, 1678.

^(t) Died in Newgate, September 27, 1679.

¹ In the subjoined list, the dates are omitted of the birth, entrance, and profession of each of the members. Also for the titles of the "Colleges" over which Rectors presided, are substituted the names of the districts, the missions within which collectively constituted such so-called Colleges. An asterisk denotes a victim of Titus Oates.

First Session held May the 4th, New Style [April 24th, O.S.].

At the appointed hour the FF. assembled in the place assigned, where they found suspended two Catalogues, one of those who were to take part in the Congregation, the other of all the Professed, from amongst whom might be chosen the envoy to be sent to the Congregation of Procurators.¹

The Congregation was opened with the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus* and the collect of the Holy Ghost. Then, the name of each being read out from the Catalogue, all took their places, in order of seniority. Next Rev. Fr. Provincial made an address much to the purpose, explaining clearly and forcibly the object of the Congregation, both provincial and procuratorial, and the means of attaining the same, and exhorting all to concord and charity. The FF. being then asked whether the Congregation were rightly constituted, replied in the affirmative: and a doubt having been expressed concerning the absence of certain individuals, this was at once removed, it being shown that their impediments had been judged and approved in the regular manner, by Rev. Father Provincial, after consultation, according to the rule. It was then unanimously agreed that any defects which might exist should be made good, and were so accordingly.

In the third place the election of a Secretary was undertaken, which office by the majority of votes was assigned to Fr. William Marsh, to whom in the same manner Fr. Edward Harvey was assigned as his assistant. In like manner, from amongst the foremost FF. two deputies were chosen,²—Fr. Richard Strange and Fr. Francis Neville, and by a unanimous vote the 6th of May was appointed as the day for holding the next Session, being the third from the opening of the Congregation. There was likewise read the encyclical letter of our Very Rev. Fr. Vincent Caraffa³ with the 24th decree of the 9th [General] Congregation⁴—prohibiting canvassing in the election. Moreover, the Decree of the Holy Office,⁵ enjoining upon all the observance of the Apostolic Constitutions and Decrees pertaining to the Office

¹ In Rome.

² To assist the Provincial in arranging the course of business to be transacted.

³ Seventh General of the Society, 1646—1649.

⁴ 1649—50.

⁵ "Universalis Inquisitionis."

of the Sacred Inquisition against heretical depravity, was, according to custom, notified to all, and so concluded the 1st Session.¹

Second Session, held May the 6th, N.S. [April 26, O.S.].

On this day the FF. assembled at the time and place appointed. A short prayer having first been offered, the Acts of the preceding Session were read and approved. The election of the envoy to the Congregation of Procurators was then proceeded with, and at the 3rd Scrutiny Fr. John Cary received 22 votes, or an absolute majority; to whom Fr. John Keynes was added as substitute,² by 33 votes, on the 1st Scrutiny. Then by a unanimous vote a 3rd Session was agreed upon. These latter Sessions, however, with the consent of all, were expedited more continuously and with briefer intervals, inasmuch as to protract the Congregation to any length was considered highly dangerous, more particularly as Parliament was then sitting, and designed stringent inquiries and enactments against Catholics.

Third Session,

Held the same day, at 11 o'clock. A short prayer having first been offered to God, the Acts of the preceding Session were read and approved by all. The replies of our Very Rev. Father [General] to the petitions of the preceding Provincial Congregation being then read, were submissively and gratefully received by all. The question being put to the FF. whether a General Congregation should be summoned, it was unanimously determined that it should not; the reasons alleged being thus summarized,—That since the government of the Society has nowise deteriorated, but all proceeds as it should, gently, prudently and vigorously, and the government is administered by our Very Rev. Father with extreme care and vigilance, and to the satisfaction alike of Ours and of externs, there seems to be no reason wherefore, with war raging on all sides, the many and great dangers and costs of the journey to Rome should be rashly incurred without necessity. We should rather implore the Divine goodness to keep our Very Rev. Father safe and sound.

¹ This decree, issued by Pope Urban VIII., recites various penalties and censures incurred by such as flagrantly offend, especially by priests and others who misuse the Sacraments.

² In case of his being hindered from going to Rome.

Two petitions were then proposed and discussed, to be presented to our Very Rev. Father, in the following terms.

First petition. That when in the judgment of the Congregation there is grave and urgent danger, it may be lawful to hasten on the taking of informations and the election, without waiting for the third day, that the meeting of so many together may be more speedily expedited and with less risk.¹

Second petition. That inasmuch as our Very Rev. Father has been pleased to undertake the charge of obtaining, if it be possible, facilities for dispensation from the oath ["*facilitandi dispensationem juramenti*"] imposed on students in the English College, Rome, whereby they are excluded from entering a Religious Order, his Paternity would graciously continue this endeavour, so far as may be lawful, that youths having completed their school course elsewhere be not deterred from going to Rome, and that satisfaction be given to their parents who consider this oath grievously burdensome.

Various points were next proposed which seemed to conduce to secure uniformity in our Province. Finally the FF. being asked whether the Congregation should now terminate, replied in the affirmative. All the Acts of the Congregation from its commencement were then read once more, and unanimously again approved and confirmed.

Which being duly accomplished, the FF. stood up, and having alternately recited the hymn *Te Deum laudamus*, rendering thanks to God for the happy issue, they lovingly embraced, after which they set out for their apostolic labours, each on his own mission.

Thus it is,

I, WILLIAM MARSH,

Secretary of the Congregation.²

¹ This refers of course to future Provincial Congregations. According to rule, the opening Session must be followed by an interval extending to the day next but one, during which inquiries may be made as to who is likely best to discharge the office of envoy, according to the requirements of the moment.

² The following Answers were returned to the above petitions :

"(i) We grant the dispensation, when a Congregation is held in England, and there is danger in delay."

"(ii) I will by no means forget the desire of the Province and my own undertaking, if only any way presents itself to obtain what I foresee will be to the great advantage of the College in Rome. The matter however is of such a nature that it seems by no means advisable to move in it so soon, it being, indeed, common to other pontifical seminaries."

"Young Jesuits."

It is a common-place that prejudices die hard, and it constantly appears that they can hold their own in the field of history despite the most obvious facts. A remarkable instance of this has recently been furnished in connexion with the St. Omers witnesses, of which we have lately had a good deal to say,¹ who gave their testimony as to the presence of Titus Oates with them at school across the Channel, on the very day on which he pretended to have taken part in the Jesuit "Consult," the official history of which has been given above. The *Guardian* of August 19th, reviewing Mr. Pollock's "Popish Plot," writes as follows :

The examination of the repeated perjuries of witnesses on both sides, from the vile Oates and the vile Bedloe, to the submissive young Jesuits who swore what they were told by their Superiors, quite regardless of truth, is a very careful and a highly instructive illustration of the morality of the time.

We are not at present concerned to point out that what the witnesses thus described testified was unquestionably, even on Mr. Pollock's own showing, the simple truth ;—nor that every single charge which he brings against their evidence is found upon examination to be utterly groundless, as is shown by proofs which the critic confessedly had before him when he wrote as above. But when he speaks of these boys as "young Jesuits" he gives a striking and unexpected example of the extent to which it is held legitimate to allow the imagination to run riot when dealing with questions of this kind.

Of the scholars brought from St. Omers to give evidence on this occasion, we know the names of ten,² namely (in their order of appearance), Hilsley, Parry, Doddington, Gifford, Palmer, Cox, Billing, Townley, Fall, and Dallison, the last-named appearing only at the second day's trial (Langhorne's). Of these not one was a Jesuit at the time, and only two, namely, Parry and Townley, became Jesuits later. We learn,

¹ July and August, 1903.

² It would appear that not all the names are mentioned in the printed account of the trial, for the number of St. Omers boys produced is commonly given as sixteen by contemporary writers, and Chief Justice Scroggs spoke of them next day, at the trial of Langhorne, as "fifteen or sixteen."

moreover, from their evidence that some of them, as Hilsley and Doddington, had left St. Omers for good when they thus appeared, and there is no evidence that any of them returned thither, which under the existing laws would have exposed them and their parents to heavy penalties. As to Hilsley in particular, whose testimony was the most important, inasmuch as Oates pretended that he had crossed to England in his company for the purpose of attending the "Consult," it appears that he had actually quitted the College in disgrace, and might be supposed to bear no good-will to its authorities. On occasion of the trial of Father Ireland (December 17, 1678), when Oates first broached his story of the famous "Consult," he mentioned the occasion of Hilsley's coming away. "There was," he said, "a lad in the house that was got to the end of his Rhetoric [the highest class]; this lad was whipped and turned out of the house. . . . I think the lad's name was Hilsley, or some such name."

This account of the matter is borne out by the frequent attempts made by Oates when subsequently indicted for perjury (May 8, 1685), to extract from Hilsley himself, as well as from other witnesses, the reason of his departure from the College, and by the admission of one of the number, Haggerstone, "I do know it, but truly I cannot tell whether it be fit for me to speak of it; it was upon some unhandsome account, but I must not blemish any gentleman, I think."

Nevertheless, this same Hilsley came forward to give his evidence, both at the trials of the "Five Jesuits" and of Langhorne, in 1679, and again at that of Oates himself in 1685, on which latter occasion he described himself as "of the Inner Temple."

Such then was the real character of the witnesses whom so respectable a journal as the *Guardian* thinks it fair to dismiss and discredit as "young Jesuits."

Apostles of Slander.

We have rarely seen anything more disgraceful in the annals of missionary malevolence—and those who have read the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson's open letter to Dr. Hyde of Honolulu will know that this is saying a good deal—than a communication to which our attention has lately been drawn in the February number of the *Missionary Herald of the Baptist Missionary Society*. The article is by a certain Rev. S. Holman Bentley, of Wathen Station, Lower Congo. We know nothing of the writer but what the article itself conveys, but the following passage tells us as much about him and his missionary methods as we shall ever wish to learn. This is what he says of the work of the Catholic missionaries labouring in the same field :

At Tungwa, there were a good number of candidates for baptism ; of them eleven were approved, and were baptized on the morning of the communion Sunday. All the people stayed over the Monday that we might have a day of conference, and especially that some of the social, domestic, and sanitary matters which we discuss at the quarterly gatherings at Wathen, might there be talked over. We had a long sitting in the morning, and in the afternoon. I talked to them at length about the Romish Church, its doctrines and development. The Romish Mission at Tumba is becoming more active, and it is very necessary that our people should know where the differences lie, and how they have come about, as well as the Scriptural position in reference to much of their teaching.

Many times I have heard that those who have received Roman teaching say that they would not like to follow our religion, for our God is too exacting. They as Romanists can do as they like, so long as they confess to the priests ; our people cannot lie, steal, live impure lives, dance and drink ; but they have no such restrictions. I could never believe that they could boldly teach a doctrine as bad as that until this time. I was talking with some young men, and the subject of Romish teaching came up. The statement was made that this immoral teaching was taught by the priests, and I expressed my belief that it was a misunderstanding on the part of Romanist folk. A young man said that he knew well to the contrary. He said that he was in the service of one of the stores at a certain place, mentioning the store. A well-known priest came to buy some articles of clothing, and a little later on he was sent to take them to his house. After receiving the parcel the priest asked him whether he attended any services. He said that he was in the habit of attending the Protestant

service. The priest said that he was very foolish to go there, for those who are there taught may not drink or dance, or commit fornication, or steal, or do as they like; whereas those who came to his teaching might do all these things so long as they confessed to him. I would not believe it, but the young man told me the whole story over again, enumerating on his fingers the sins permitted. Once more I objected that there was some explanation; but he solemnly assured me that the priest distinctly told him all this. I could give places and names if it were advisable so to do; but for obvious reasons I abstain from doing so. This is a strong confirmation of what we have so long heard. A native, with very little enlightenment, can see the evil of such teaching, and is indeed horrified.¹

Our Catholic readers, who in any case would know what to think of this kind of slander, will be the more impressed by its intrinsic improbability when we tell them that the Missionary Fathers at Tumba are Redemptorists. The moral teaching of the sons of St. Alphonsus has not the reputation amongst those who know them of erring on the side of laxity, but Mr. Bentley probably cares little for that. He heard this thing from a native convert to Baptist doctrines who twice over enumerated on his fingers the sins which the priest said were permitted. What better evidence could he want?

From a passage which follows it would appear that Mr. Bentley is by way of being on friendly terms with the "Romish Bishop" of those parts; and the fact suggests the interesting inquiry whether Mr. Bentley supposes that the moral teaching at Tumba is endorsed and sanctioned by the "Romish Bishop" himself. One would infer that the writer does think so, for his indictment is directed against Romish teaching in general and not against the teaching of any particular locality. How very much more to the point it would have been if Mr. Bentley had found out from his Lordship what was the precise attitude of the Roman Church in such questions. Or had he perhaps a shrewd suspicion that even a Romish Bishop under such circumstances might hardly be able to restrain himself from kicking the inquirer downstairs. And so he goes on:

We cannot fail to be apprehensive of a struggle with the Romish influence in our district before long. It has done us no real harm at San Salvador; and here, too, there is not much reason to fear, so long

¹ *The Missionary Herald of the Baptist Missionary Society*, February, 1903. "Our African Missions. A tour in the Wathen District." By Rev. S. Holman Bentley, of Wathen Station. P. 88.

as the State is as just towards us as it always has been so far. An astute Jesuit, who has had a long missionary experience in India, has recently been sent out by Rome to direct the policy of the Romish Missions out here. I could not understand his appointment over the head of the Father Superior of the Jesuit Mission, himself a very distinguished man among them. He is also superior to the Superior of the Redemptorist Fathers. I asked the Romish Bishop about it, and he explained that as he was their superior as their Bishop, so this Director of Policy—or whatever he is—is superior because he is sent by Rome to look after the Missions on behalf of the Propaganda, while the Father Superiors are but Superiors of their local (Belgian) congregations. It is easy now to see how the matter stands and why he has authority in both of the Missions. There is little doubt that the Protestant activities have called forth this action. The Romish Mission has put an outpost eight hours' distant from us on this plateau, and has been itinerating near to Wathen. They have a staff of six for the Tumba district. Large reinforcements have recently come for them at Matadi. They at any rate have no lack of resources.¹

The whole foundation for this last passage seems to consist in the simple fact that Father Van Hencxthoven, S.J., who was the founder and first Superior of the Mission of the Kwango, has been sent further up the country to Wombali, while Father Julius Banckaert, who was for seven years Superior of the Mission of Bengal, has replaced him as Prefect Apostolic of the Kwango.

¹ *Ibid.* p. 89, Kiandu.

Reviews.

I.—THE NATURE OF CHURCH AUTHORITY.¹

WHAT is the relation between God and the Individual according to Christianity? Is it so immediate that sacraments and even Church organization impede rather than help it; or is their intervention, on the lines formally defined by the Church, an indispensable condition for the normal intercourse of the soul with God? This is the question examined by Dean Strong in *God and the Individual*. The individualistic answer is that of popular Protestantism, and the Dean's object is to examine it in the light of Scripture and history. It can borrow no doubt a specious support from certain passages of the New Testament if read apart, but he shows that the general scope of both Gospels and Epistles is adverse to it. This part of his exposition is good as far as it goes, but is too slight. It proves clearly enough that the New Testament treats the external Church as "the natural atmosphere for the individual religious life;" in other words, regards the Christian as essentially belonging to a great religious society; but it leaves practically untouched the question of Church authority. Yet this surely is the crucial point. No Protestant, not even a Quaker, denies the value of a religious organization, or the help one man may give another in spiritual things; they dispute the compatibility of authoritative control with the right of direct approach to his Maker which they claim for every man. What they deny is that any man can lawfully say to his fellow-man, You are not free to approach your Maker by a road of your own selection, but must come through me, by submitting to the Church of which I am the authorized representative, and receiving its ministrations of grace and pardon from my hands.

¹ *God and the Individual*. By T. B. Strong, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. Longmans, 1903.

Handbooks for the Clergy. Edited by Arthur W. Robinson, D.D.; *Authority in the Church*: By Thomas B. Strong, D.D., &c. Longmans, 1903.

When, however, we turn to *Authority in the Church*, another book by the same author, which has just appeared, we understand why he avoids this ordinary issue between the Individualist and the Churchman. In this latter work he "discusses the meaning of the expression 'authority' and inquires into the grounds and limits of its exercise." In it in one place he tells us that the "Latin (in his attitude to religious ideas) loves precise distinctions and certainty; the Teuton is satisfied with vague conceptions and less definite outlines." We should have thought that the distinction was rather between the mental types which Catholicism and Protestantism respectively develop, but however this may be, the Dean's own mind would seem to be of the "Teutonic" type, for it is impossible to discover any precision in his views of Church authority. Take, for instance, his summary of his position with regard to "authority in doctrine," the most important and at the same time the most contested of all the aspects under which authority presents itself in the Christian Church.

It may be well, for clearness' sake, to sum up shortly the view of authority here put forward. It is maintained (1) that the name or type of Church authority in matters of truth is found in the New Testament, and depends upon the commission given to the Church by our Lord; (2) that the body of truth thus authoritatively entrusted to the Church consists of certain historical affirmations concerning the Lord Himself, with their theological consequences in regard to the Nature of God and the life and hopes of man; (3) that this authority, which is perhaps the most important of all the functions of the Church, is rightly exercised through the officers of the Society, who are concerned with its extension and administration; that (4) the Church has no charge to propagate other truths as such or to supersede by its authority ordinary methods of investigation.

Here we are told that the officials of the Church are entrusted with the duty of proclaiming certain truths, and so far no section of Christians, not even the most individualistic, is likely to disagree. But under what conditions, with what guarantees of trustworthiness in the witness, and with what sanction to support their claim to be believed? The Dean understands that these will be the questions in his reader's mind, and asks himself, by way of an instance, "When there is a real conflict between theology and one of the other methods of reaching truth, what is authority to do?" Still his sole answer is that authority of course will not deal in prohibitions and anathemas,

which never prove useful, but that it will set to work to argue the question out with the objector, and try and show him that he is wrong—a process in which it will be helped by observing that the conflict is most between a fact on the one side and a theory on the other, which two things need not necessarily be incompatible. Here, again, we shall all agree that the ministers of the Church may advantageously employ the method suggested. In so doing, however, they are not exercising authority, unless we take the word "authority" in a sense very different from that which traditionally attaches to it, and one in which the Individualist will not object to it. Still the question arises whether this process of solving controversies by changing the meaning of accepted terms is anything less than misleading. To us, at all events, it seems more rational to continue to understand by doctrinal authority—for we will confine ourselves to that—the right to proclaim doctrines as true and as revealed, and to enforce their acceptance on the hearer, the guarantee offered being that the proclaimer is commissioned by Jesus Christ, who cannot lie, and has promised to guard His representative from error. With the term thus precisely defined, it can be clearly and profitably discussed whether the earthly claimants to such authority are clothed with a true or a spurious title.

2.—WHERE SAINTS HAVE TROD.¹

Miss Petre has a thoughtful and independent mind, and cannot rest content with an unreasoned acceptance of the ascetic principles and methods from the spiritual writers or directors. She feels the necessity of probing and testing at each stage, and of rejecting, however imposing the array of traditional authority in its support, whatever appears to her incapable of justification. The conclusions, however, to which her analysis lead her are substantially conservative: the traditional system is sound in itself, only it has suffered somewhat in the hands of incautious exponents, and it is the accretions thence derived which cause the difficulty of assimilating it with the newer knowledge of the present age.

This is the subject-matter of *Where Saints have trod*, a collection of papers in which several points of Catholic spiritu-

¹ *Where Saints have trod*. Some Studies in Asceticism. By M. D. Petre. With a Preface by the Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

ality are discussed under the titles of the Commandments and the Counsels, the Buried Life, Devotion and Devotions, Death and Dishonour, Felix Culpa, Self-love, Self-will and Freedom, &c. They are papers which may be deemed stiff reading, but they are always suggestive, and often discover aspects of familiar doctrines that are wont to escape notice. Take, for instance, the following passage, which is a good specimen of the tone of her musings :

Between God and the soul there is, as we know, nothing less than an infinite disproportion of endowments. He has all, and the soul herself has nothing but what He has given her. But amongst His gifts there is one that serves to restore a certain balance, and that is the gift of individuality or personality. This it is by reason of which the humblest of creatures, even in comparison with its Creator, may be said to have something of its own. I am not less alive because many others live also, and have been alive much longer. I do not know less because numbers of others know more and a great deal better. And thus, however much the quality of creaturehood may pervade all that we are or can do, we may still say that we are none the less ourselves, that is single, unique personalities, because without God we are nothing ; and in proportion as we may have being we have all else that is the unfolding of being, knowledge, love, and the rest. We are not less than God in the sense that because He is all we are nothing, because He is mighty we are useless. The difference is not a numerical proportion of more or less, but, with the gulf of infinity between us, we are still living, real, and personal. Thus it is that we can give God something that is not in itself less because He is more, and which is truly a gift because He cannot get it unless we give it. And in so far as this gift is not merely something that belongs to us, but our very living self, we open out to Him a domain in which He can actuate His own life and love.

Whilst cordially recognizing the merits of this little volume, we must own that in more than one place the authoress appears to us to have based her discussions on misunderstandings of the ordinary ascetic teaching. Thus, in the first paper of all, on Commandments and Counsels, we are told that there are two possible conceptions of the religious life, one which regards it as the inner enclosure within the domain of universal obligation, the other which, inverting the simile, regards the domain of universal obligation as an inner fortress to which the Evangelical Counsels serve as an outer bulwark ; the former conception demanding that a man should not aim at being a Religious until he has first become a good Christian, the other inviting

him to become a Religious mainly in order that he may become a good Christian. Most Catholics would contend that the two conceptions are perfectly compatible with each other, and that both are true and need to be considered by persons entering Religion. In the volume before us, however, the former conception is judged to be unsound and injurious, as encouraging the Religious to regard his life "as an improvement on Christianity rather than an attempt at its more complete fulfilment." But there is an ambiguity here, latent in the word "Christianity." "Christianity" is a comprehensive term, including all the differences of observance, from the bare avoidance of grievous sin upwards through all the grades of self-sacrifice and fuller conformity with the will of God. And the Religious, if he is faithful to his vocation, must regard his life as pledging him, not indeed to improve on Christianity, but to set before himself a high standard of Christian perfection as the goal of his aims and endeavours. He must also regard his vows and the method of life to which they bind him as a valuable means, and for him the appointed means, for aiding him to attain this ideal; and in this sense it is only natural that he should "regard it simply as a loss, and a grievous loss, if he should ever be deprived of the external embodiments of these peculiar obligations he has taken."

In Father Tyrrell's Preface, which is an exposition of the nature and aims of Catholic asceticism, there are many striking passages which one would like to quote. The following is a specimen.

Divine grace is not to be conceived as merely weakening the attraction of sin, or as opposing to it a counter-attraction, under whose influence we should be as passive as a balance that sways according as it is weighted on this side or that; nor yet as taking away those difficulties and temptations, in the overcoming of which our will is braced and developed; nor as fencing and sheltering us outwardly from spiritual storms and tempests. It does not change the environment of our will but the will itself, however unable we may be to reconcile this truth with that of our freedom; it does not coddle and enervate, but strengthens us to face the storms, to conquer the temptations, to oppose active resistance to passive attractions, to extend the realm of self-determination further and further at the expense of the realm of mechanism and passivity. This is the deliverance that grace effects, not only in, but with and through, the will of man.

3.—THE VEILED MAJESTY.¹

This excellent treatise is doubly welcome, firstly for itself, as furnishing a clear and scholarly account of Catholic belief and practice regarding the Sacrament of Sacraments; and secondly, since coming from the pen of one who has personal knowledge of the needs of the people in a region so remote as the West of Wales, it is necessarily invested with a practical character. The author has evidently spared no pains upon his work, and has made himself acquainted with whatever is most worthy of attention on both sides of the controversies and discussions which the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist has aroused, and as a result he gives his readers a clear and compendious explanation and vindication of the Church's position on the subject, rendered more attractive by the evidence of literary culture with which it is embellished.

After an introduction dealing with the history of the modes in which God has at various epochs manifested Himself to man, Father Kelly proceeds to examine very fully the evidence first of Scripture and then of Tradition respecting the Blessed Sacrament, comparing moreover the Sacrifices of the Old Law with that of the New, and discussing the prophecies and types which portended the latter. Finally, in a couple of chapters he treats in particular of the Mass dogmatically and didactically.

Throughout, he exhibits laudable moderation, and no adversary can accuse him of overstraining his arguments. He would rather appear in some instances to understate the evidence in support of his own case. Thus,² quoting St. Cyril of Jerusalem as a witness for belief in the Real Presence, he does not mention the most categorical of all that Father's statements:³ "What seems bread is not bread, though it so tastes, but the Body of Christ; and what seems wine is not wine, though taste so reports, but the Blood of Christ"—which is even more to the purpose than the passages actually cited, convincing as these are.

Should the work come—as we trust it will—to a second edition, various clerical errors should receive attention. Thus we find St. Cyprian referred to as writing "*Contra Judæas*," and the page on which this slip occurs is numbered 290, instead of 209.

¹ *The Veiled Majesty, or Jesus in the Eucharist.* By the Very Rev. W. J. Kelly, V.F. London: Washbourne, 1903. 313 pp. 5s.

² P. 143.

³ *Catech.* iv. n. 9.

4—INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE.¹

Father Wasmann is well known as one of the class of naturalists—by no means too numerous—who are at once careful observers and accurate thinkers, and who whilst making substantial additions to our information concerning natural facts, do not allow themselves to be hurried into hasty and illegitimate conclusions therefrom, either in accordance with their own prepossessions, or in deference to fashionable beliefs. The special department of animal life to which he devotes his attention is the insect world, and amongst insects he has studied with particular care the large and interesting tribe of the ants, in connexion with which he is necessarily led to deal with the great and fundamental question as to the real character of animal intelligence, and its relation to the reasoning faculty which we ourselves possess. Many facts of insect life present this problem in a more striking form than we meet elsewhere, for complicated actions are found to be performed, with absolute and unerring accuracy, which if attributable to reason would argue the possession by the agents of an amount of scientific knowledge such as our most eminent experts might envy, whilst at the same time it is self-evident that all the conditions are lacking under which reason could possibly act. As to ants in particular, they have been credited with operations so marvellous as to have induced a popular writer,—who was, however, neither an accurate observer nor a logical thinker,—to declare that the brain of an ant is the most wonderful bit of matter in the universe, since being so small it can do so much! as though size could have anything to do with the question. It would be quite as wonderful that Mount Blanc should think as Primrose Hill.

Like others who have studied nature at the fountain-head, Father Wasmann finds that all observation goes but to demonstrate more and more clearly the impassable character of the gulf which separates instinct and animal intelligence in its most highly developed manifestations from human reason. In his previous writings he has studied the question from concrete examples, examining in detail the life history of various creatures whose operations appear most like the work of

¹ *Instinct and Intelligence in the Animal Kingdom.* A Critical Contribution to Modern Animal Psychology. By Eric Wasmann, S.J. Translated from the original German. St. Louis: Herder, 1903. 171 pp. 4.25 marks. 5.30 francs.

reasonable beings. In the present work he undertakes a more fundamental task,—namely, a philosophic examination of the theories of the modern school in regard of instinct and intelligence. Though it may be feared that for a good many readers such a disquisition will prove less attractive than the strange stories which he had formerly to tell,—the history of leaf-rollers and sociable ants being unquestionably more entertaining than the treatises of scholastic philosophers,—it is evident that Father Wasmann's present essay is a necessary complement of his previous contributions, and deserves to be carefully studied by those who desire to share the full benefit of his studies.

It must not, however, be supposed that—except by comparison—this book can be called “dry.” None could merit such an epithet which comes from the pen of one who is brimming over with illustrations drawn straight from nature, and such are to be found constantly interspersed amidst the more bookish portions of the argument.

The work of the translator is in such a case one of peculiar difficulty, and we cannot affect to think that the difficulty has been very successfully surmounted. The great object to be arrived at is clearness, and in various instances readers will, we fear, have some difficulty in discovering the author's meaning under the rather awkward English garb in which it is enveloped. We trust, however, that none will be deterred by such an obstacle from making thorough acquaintance with Father Wasmann's treatment of the subject, which is at once original and solid.

5.—THE JESUITS IN GREAT BRITAIN.¹

Mr. Walter Walsh's idea of “historical inquiry” is diligently to rake together from every quarter whatever tells or seems to tell one way, carefully eliminating everything on the other side,—to take for granted that in dealing with Jesuits the worst possible construction of everything they say and do, or are alleged to have said and done, is sure to be the right one,—to accept any sort of testimony as worthy of credit, when it goes against them,—to ignore all conclusions of other historians which would

¹ *The Jesuits in Great Britain. An Historical Inquiry into their political influence.* By Walter Walsh, F.R.Hist.S. London: Routledge, 1903. 358 pp. 7s. 6d. net.

interfere with that which he desires to draw—freely to assume what there are no means of proving,—and then to pour forth all the materials thus procured in a heap before his readers, and trust to the unlimited capacity of his special public to swallow it all. To track such a writer through all his twistings and doublings, indicating every *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, would be an endless task, demanding a book still larger than his own, and we must be content to sample his work by examining one point of a more obvious and tangible character than those which involve research among the tangled records of the past.

On no topic is Mr. Walsh more insistent than upon the insidious power which Jesuits manage to acquire by means of "Sodalities," or Confraternities of lay Catholics, and the danger which these constitute to our national security. Such associations, he tells us, began with the very beginnings of the Jesuit mission in England, in the body of young men who banded themselves together to assist the work of the hunted missionaries in every mode possible to laymen. Assuming that the purpose of this brotherhood was above all political, Mr. Walsh bids his readers conclude that the object of all Sodalities existing under Jesuit direction at the present day, must also be political and seditious, so as to call for their forcible suppression. It would, however, appear more in accordance with common-sense to begin at the other end, and from a consideration of present facts easily ascertainable to draw inferences concerning similar institutions in other days.

As to modern Sodalities, Mr. Walsh tells us that it is they that constitute the real peril: "The few hundreds of Jesuit priests residing in Great Britain and Ireland do not constitute the whole of the Order's servants. They are only the officers of a very large army, all subject to the orders of a foreigner owning no allegiance to Edward VII.—the General of the Jesuits in Rome. And this army, should the commands of the General ever conflict with the laws of our King Edward VII., will obey the General in preference, and let the King look after himself."¹ This formidable host consists of various elements, crypto-Jesuits, female Jesuits, or "Jesuitresses" (*sic*), "even persons *outside* the Church of Rome,"² and all members of every congregation with which Jesuits have any connexion. Amongst

¹ P. 327.

² So Mr. Walsh renders the phrase "out of the Church," commonly applied to Catholics who do not practise their religious duties.

these Mr. Walsh reckons the "Apostleship of Prayer," the members of which number, he tells us, twenty-five millions, though he owns to uncertainty as to what exact fraction of this imposing contingent is found on British soil.¹ "A more unsatisfactory body of nominal subjects [he continues] does not reside in His Majesty's dominions than the Jesuit Army described in these pages. Their officers have, again and again, been driven out of every Roman Catholic country. Ought they not, as a matter of strict justice, to be expelled also from the British dominions—not only from the mother country, but from all our Colonies and Dependencies also?"

This is the grand finale in which Mr. Walsh's performance culminates. And if a man can talk preposterous nonsense like this, concerning matters the truth of which he could at once ascertain, had he the slightest desire to do so, is it worth any expenditure of time and trouble to ferret him out when he goes to earth amid the mazes of history? He could undoubtedly learn the true character of the associations against which he declaims, if instead of labouring with puerile sophisms to make a case, by perverting words and phrases to a meaning which they were never meant to bear, and which would never occur to any reasonable being—he would but seek information amongst those who know by practical experience what these terrible Sodalities really are. But the truth of the matter is the last thing desired by those in whose service Mr. Walter Walsh is so strenuous a worker.

6.—DARWINIANA.²

It is not very easy to determine the precise standpoint of our Semi-Darwinian. He himself explains that he has "no intention of attacking the Darwinian theory as a whole," that "he does not question the general doctrine of evolution on which it is based, nor does he desire to disturb the position of the *Origin of Species* as an epoch-making book. . . . He does not doubt that Natural Selection, or, to use Mr. Spencer's term, the survival of the fittest, has been a powerful factor in the development of the animal creation. He only follows Huxley,

¹ P. 346.

² *Doubts about Darwinism*. By a Semi-Darwinian. London: Longmans, 1903. 115 pp. 3s. 6d.

Darwin's great friend and support, in doubting whether this principle is adequate to account for the whole series of changes between the few low and simple creatures which Darwin postulated and the immense variety and complicated structures of animals¹ with which the earth is at present peopled."

After this preamble, however, he proceeds to deliver what looks very like an attack on the Darwinian position all along the line, arguing that the theory cannot account for much which has to be accounted for in the animal kingdom, and coming finally to the conclusion that intelligence as well as Natural Selection must necessarily be admitted as a factor in the process which has produced the world we see. But if this be semi-Darwinism, it will be hard to find any one who cannot claim to be a semi-Darwinian, for no one is likely to deny that Natural Selection, in Darwin's sense of the term, has played a part of some sort, or even a considerable part, in the history of the organic world.

The points examined by our author in the course of his inquiry are well selected, and his treatment of them is sound. He is evidently well acquainted with the literature of the subject and has brought to his work a more open and independent mind than do many who essay a similar task. At the same time, his line of argument, if logical and cogent, appears likewise to be rather obvious, and it seems somewhat strange that after all these years, and the discussions with which they have been rife, any novelty should be claimed for them.

To begin with, for instance, we are reminded of Lord Kelvin's dictum that, "If a probable solution, consistent with the ordinary course of nature, can be found, we must not invoke an abnormal act of Creative Power." So manifestly true is this, however, that it scarcely requires to be so solemnly stated, and must needs have been present to the mind of all who have ever dealt with the question. It is doubtless true that if railway trains could be got to run without engines, it would be absurd to spend so much on the manufacture of locomotives, and that if steamers would but navigate themselves to New York or Melbourne, we should have no need of sailors or engineers: and it is precisely from the imperative need of a prime mover and director to account for the origin and actual operation of the forces of Nature, that those have argued who refused to

¹ The author somewhat arbitrarily omits all mention of plants as being less interesting and instructive.

recognize in Natural Selection and the struggle for existence an adequate explanation of the formation of the actual universe. Nor amongst the various points here urged in support of our author's contention are any to be found which have not suggested themselves to some of those who have maintained the same conclusion as that to which he is led. As, however, it is clear that for some persons such arguments will still be fresh and novel, it is evidently well that they should be again set forth with so much force and cogency as are here exhibited.

It is to be regretted, however, that our author should obviously be sometimes content with other than first-hand information as to the authorities he cites. Thus he mentions¹ Locke's contention that matter might conceivably be endowed by an Almighty Creator with the faculty of feeling and thinking, and refers the reader to the philosopher's "Second Letter to the Bishop of Winchester." It was not, however, the Bishop of Winchester, but the Bishop of Worcester (Stillingfleet), with whom Locke held the famous controversy, and the letter in question is not the second of his contributions, but the third. Moreover, in it he does but quote his own words on the subject from the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, to which of course the reference should be.

¹ P. 22.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Devout Guide for Catholics in Service, compiled by Father Egger, S.J. (Burns and Oates, 1s. net.), is exactly what its title describes, and will lead those who follow its directions—despite the prosaic drudgery of their occupations—to lead highly spiritual lives. We have but one suggestion to offer, regarding the all-important point of weekly Mass. It not unfrequently happens, especially in large hotels, that Sunday is of all days that on which it is most difficult for a servant to obtain leave of absence. If, however, Mass can regularly be secured on some other day each week, although this cannot be imposed as an obligation, it is evident that the intention of the Church will be substantially fulfilled, and the regularity of Catholic practice maintained.

The Catholic Truth Society, in continuance of its invaluable work of making the Scriptures familiar to all, publishes as a wonderful pennyworth the *Acts of the Apostles*, not only in most readable form, but with notes as well. From the same source comes *The Mass and its Folk-lore* by Mr. John Hobson Matthews (threepence), an attractive and interesting little volume: *By what authority?* by F. B. Lord (one penny), an examination of the fundamental question of the rule of Christian Faith: and *John Foxe and his Book of Martyrs*, by Father Gerard, S.J. (one penny), a searching criticism of the famous martyrologist and his monumental work.

May Brooke's Trials, by Madame Cecilia (Washbourne, one shilling), is a drama for convent schools and sodalities, which we are told may probably be the first of a series with the like object. It is undoubtedly full of edification, and will, we should anticipate, act well.

Virtue and Repentance, by W. H. (Rochdale, Orphans' Press), is likewise a most edifying story and will doubtless be relished by many, though it must be acknowledged that the laws of

probability are strained considerably beyond breaking-point throughout the tale. From Messrs. Burns and Oates we receive a new edition of *The Daily Prayer-book, compiled from various sources* (morocco limp, 2s.), which leaves nothing to desire in regard of portability and clearness of print, and excellence of get-up. The contents are very well selected: what particularly pleases us is to find the whole Ordinary and Canon of the Mass in Latin and English. The Examination of Conscience (or "Examen" as it is here called) is commendable in its conciseness and reticence. What strike us as least worthy of the rest are the English versions of some of the hymns,—but this is an old complaint which does not apply only here.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals:

¹ REVUE D'HISTOIRE ECCLÉSIASTIQUE. (1903. III.)

Homoiousianism and Orthodoxy. *G. Rasneur.* Church and Crown in France from the ninth to the eleventh century. *J. Flach.* Gallicanism and the Sorbonne, from the correspondence of the Nuncio Bargellini (1668—1671). *A. Caudice.* Reviews, &c.

ANALECTA BOLLANDIANA. (1903. III.)

The Vision of the Monk of Eynsham. *H. Thurston.* The Passion of St. Theodotus of Ancyra. *H. Delehaye.* Repertorium Hymnologicum, Supplement. *U. Chevalier.* General Index to the first twenty volumes of the *Analecta.*

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (August.)

Pope Leo XIII. *A. Baumgartner.* The Brownson Centenary. *O. Pfülf.* Babylon and Christendom. *F. X. Kugler.* The Diffusion of the various Religious Beliefs at the turn of the Century. *H. A. Krose.* Reviews, &c.

BESSARIONE. (1903. III.)

The Coptic Translation of a Homily of St. Ephraem. *J. Guidi.* The First and Last of Ancient Egyptian Moralists. *E. Revillout.* Modern Ottoman Literature. *L. Bonelli.* Documents regarding the relations of the Syro-Chaldaic Church with the Holy See. *Mgr. S. Giamil.* Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES. (August 5 and 20.)

- Leo XIII. *H. Prélôt*. The Growth of Christianity according to the theories of Dr. Harnack. *L. de Grandmaison*. The Clergy in Modern Society. *H. Berchois*. The Protestant Synod of Anduze. *P. Dudon*. Pope Pius X. A Student's Life from eighteen to twenty-three. *W. Tampé*. The Land of Romance. *P. Suan*. The Princess of Condé, from an unpublished correspondence. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (August 1 and 15.)

- In memory of Leo XIII. The "Cursus" in the Liturgy and in Literary History. The Restorations at St. John Lateran. The "Laudes" or Acclamations in the Coronation of the Pope. Agriculture in Italy. The Essence and Scope of the Index of Prohibited Books.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (August 15.)

- Leo XIII. *R. Parayre*. An Apologist of the eighteenth century. *Abbé C. Bouvier*. Journeys of Emperors to Rome. *J. Martin*. The Concordat. *Abbé Delfour*. Missions in New Mexico. *M. André*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (August.)

- A Great Pope. *Mgr. de T'Serclaes*. Leo XIII. and his Pontificate. *Mgr. T. Lamy*. Society and the Occult Sciences. *V. du Bled*. The Decrease of the Birth-Rate in France. *C. Pety de Thozée*.

RAZÓN Y FE. (August.)

- The Reform of Education and the Law. *R. Ruiz Amado*. The Pentateuch and the New Catholic Critical School. *L. Murillo*. The Marquess de Mora. *L. Coloma*. Among the Guaranis—The Missions of Paraguay. *P. Hernandez*. The University of St. Louis and President Roosevelt. *B. M.* Reviews, &c.

